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THE FACE AGAINST THE PANE.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

MABEL, little Mabel,
With face against the pane,
Looks out across the night
And sees the Beacon Light

VOL. IX. 1

A-trembling in the rain.
She hears the sea-birds screech,
And the breakers on the beach
Making moan, making moan.
And the wind, about the eaves
Of the cottage, sobs and grieves;
And the willow-tree is blown
To and fro, to and fro:
Till it seems like some old crone
Standing out there all alone
With her woe!
Wringing, as she stands,
Her gaunt and palsied hands,
While Mabel, timid Mabel,
With face against the pane,
Looks out across the night,
And sees the Beacon Light
A-trembling in the rain.

Set the table, maiden Mabel,
 And make the cabin warm;
 Your little fisher-lover
 Is out there in the storm,
 And your father—you are weeping!
 O Mabel, timid Mabel,
 Go, spread the supper-table,
 And set the tea a-steeping.
 Your lover's heart is brave,
 His boat is stanch and tight;
 And your father knows the perilous reef
 That makes the water white.
 But Mabel, Mabel darling,
 With face against the pane,
 Looks out across the night
 At the Beacon in the rain.

The heavens are vein'd with fire!
 And the thunder, how it rolls!
 In the lullings of the storm,
 The solemn church-bell tolls,
 For lost souls!
 But no sexton sounds the knell
 In that belfry old and high:
 Unseen fingers sway the bell
 As the wind goes tearing by!
 How it tolls for the souls
 Of the sailors on the sea!
 God pity them, God pity them,
 Wherever they may be!
 God pity wives and sweethearts
 Who wait and wait in vain!
 And pity little Mabel
 With her face against the pane.

A boom!—the Light-house gun!
 (How its echo rolls and rolls!)
 'Tis to warn the home-bound ships
 Off the Shoals!



See! a rocket cleaves the sky
 From the Fort—a shaft of light!
 See! it fades, and fading leaves
 Golden furrows on the night!
 What made Mabel's cheeks so pale?
 What made Mabel's lips so white!
 Did she see the helpless sail
 That, tossing here and there,
 Like a feather in the air,
 Went down and out of sight?
 Down, down, and out of sight!
 Oh, watch no more, no more,
 With face against the pane:
 You can not see the men that drown
 By the Beacon in the rain!

From a shoal of richest rubies
 Breaks the morning clear and cold;
 And the angel on the village spire,
 Frost-touch'd, is bright as gold,



Four ancient fishermen,
 In the pleasant autumn air,
 Come toiling up the sands,
 With something in their hands—
 Two bodies stark and white,
 Ah, so ghastly in the light,
 With sea-weed in their hair!
 O ancient fishermen,
 Go up to yonder cot!
 You'll find a little child,
 With face against the pane;
 Who looks toward the beach,
 And looking sees it not.
 She will never watch again!
 Never watch and weep at night!
 For those pretty, saintless eyes
 Look beyond the stormy skies,
 And they see the Beacon Light.

DREAMS.

THEIR ROMANCE AND THEIR MYSTERY.

BY CHARLES A. MUNGER.

"I have had a dream; past the wit of man to say what dream it was. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. * * * Methought I was, and methought I had—the eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand is not able to taste, no tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report what my dream was." MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris,
Nec delubra deum, nec ab æthere numina mittunt,
Sed sibi quisque facit." PETR. ARB.

PSYCHOLOGY, in its utmost scope, has nothing so inexplicable as dreams. However we contemplate them, whether in the calm light of reason, or through the mists of purposed divination, we are equally astounded and confounded. All the laws which govern the operation of the intelligence in its normal, or waking condition, appear, while the visions of night weave their fantastic chain around us, to be suspended or superseded. The mind,—seeming, for a moment, to have cast off the shackles of the flesh,—on the swift wings of imagination, with a sublime freedom, surveys the universe, penetrates into the mysteries of things before unresolved, and discovers new worlds, new existences, and new intrinsic powers. Not to the narrow circle of impressions and experience is it confined; but breaking through bounds of cognitions, it soars aloft into an Apogæum, where time and space are alike unrecognized, and eternity, which transcends its waking conceptions, is, in a manner, comprehended and realized. It is not strange, therefore, that men have ascribed to dreams a divine efficacy and prophetic power. Indeed, those of earliest record resulted from the direct interposition of Heaven, as the Scriptures abundantly testify. To preserve Sarah unsullied, God appeared to Abimelech in a dream. The flight into Egypt to avert from the infant Redeemer the effect of Herod's wrath, was undertaken by reason of a warning communicated to his earthly guardian in a vision by Divinity. The exaltation of Joseph to the

supreme command in the realm of the tropic mother of nations, and the promotion of Daniel in Babylon, and his prophecies, were wholly attributable to dreams having a like origin.

In these, and in many other noticeable instances recorded throughout the Old and New Testaments, Deity was the agency which procured them for his own high purposes. The east being the great hive from which have swarmed the various communities of earth, and the frequent interposition of Providence in the affairs of man, through the medium of visions, before the dispersion of the human race, induced an ascription of dreams generally to Divinity; and when men began to multiply and diffuse themselves over the world, with corrupt religions and mythologies, they very naturally, from the constant occurrence of nocturnal vagaries (the diversity of the action of the mind during sleep and wakefulness passing all comprehension, and exciting curiosity), remembering the traditions of their ancestors, attributed them to the deities. The magi of Persia, the magicians of Egypt, the ministers of the numerous religions, from their supposed intimate connection and communication with their divinities, were believed to possess the power of declaring the hidden meaning of dreams, which they even interpreted in a prophetic sense, as being special revelations of futurity from the gods. Jamblicus says: "Vaticination is not the work of nature or of art, but a gift of the divine beneficence. The prophesying conferred upon us by the gods takes place in dreams, or in a medium state between sleep and waking, or in a state of full wakefulness. It is often as if we heard voices speaking. Sometimes an invisible spirit hovers over the sleeping one, so that he does not perceive it with the eye, but becomes conscious of it by a particular faculty; and this performs the wonderful service of averting the troubles of the soul and the body. When the dreams sent by deity are over, we hear a broken voice, which teaches us what is to be done. Often, too, we hear it in a middle condition between sleeping and waking. Sometimes

there appears a pure and perfectly-quiet light to the soul, during which the eyes remain closed, while the other senses are awake, and comprehend the presence, the speech, and the action of the gods. But all this is perceived with perfect distinctness when the eye too sees, and the invigorated understanding is at the same time excited with that peculiar faculty. All these circumstances are of divine origin when they contain anything of a prophetic nature, and are not to be confounded with ordinary sleep." Further on he continues: "At the approach of such a divine inspiration in dreams, the heart begins to droop, and the eyes involuntarily close, as in the middle state between sleep and waking. In ordinary dreams we sleep fast and perfectly; we cannot, with sufficient distinctness, determine what is present to our imagination. But when the dream comes from God, then we do not sleep; we perceive perfectly all the circumstances, and that much more so than in a *waking state*. And on this kind of dream is soothsaying founded." Further on he relates a number of these visions, and proceeds: "These things are enough to have demonstrated the truth of vaticination through divine dreams: what it is—whence it comes, and finally, what advantages it confers upon mankind." Socrates, Plato, and Cicero ascribe dreams to divinity; and from them the latter draws an argument of the immortality of the soul. He also says: "There are three ways in which we dream under the immediate impulse of the gods; One, when the mind instinctively perceives things by the relation which it bears to the gods; the Second arising from the air being full of immortal spirits, in whom all the signs of truth are, as it were, stamped and visible; the Third, when the gods converse with the sleeper, and that takes place more especially at the approach of death, enabling the minds of the dying to anticipate future events."

However slight may be the foundation for this belief in the divine origin of dreams (aside from those recorded in Scripture), yet it is not strange that such

a faith has obtained believers; for very many are the instances that future events, thought to be foreshadowed in visions, have occurred with such surprising reality and accuracy as almost to preclude the idea of fortuity; and the prescience of man having been always negatived, to direct or mediatory communication with the gods, have vaticinating dreams been superstitiously ascribed. To notice a few of these dreams and their fulfillment, may not be uninteresting.

Hamilcar, the Carthaginian general, when besieging Syracuse, dreamed that he heard a voice announcing that he should sup the succeeding day in that city. When the morning dawned, a great sedition arose between the Carthaginian and Sicilian soldiers. The Syracusans, being advertised of this, sallied out, attacked the camp suddenly, took Hamilcar prisoner—and thus his dream was fulfilled.

Socrates, while incarcerated at Athens, said to Crito that he should die within three days, for that he had seen in a dream a woman of extreme loveliness, who, calling him by name, repeated this line from Homer: "On the third day you'll reach the fruitful Pthia." And it fell out precisely as was foretold.

Aristotle relates that Endimus, of Cyprus, his own intimate friend, on his way to Macedonia, came to Pherea, a Thessalian city, then under the sway of the tyrant Alexander. While there, he was seized with so severe a sickness that his life was despaired of by his physicians. But in a dream it was predicted to him that in a few days he should recover, that the tyrant should in a few days die, and that after five years' absence, he should revisit his home. The first two prophecies were speedily accomplished—for in a short time Endimus recovered, and the tyrant perished by the hands of his brother-in-law. In five years thereafter Endimus died—and thus it was, in accordance with his dream, that he returned home.

Simonides discovered a corpse in the road, which he buried. The same night he dreamed that the dead man appeared to him, and warned him not to embark,

as he was contemplating, in a ship, as it would be wrecked. He followed this admonition: the vessel and passengers were lost at sea.

Alexander the Great, sleeping by the side of his friend Ptolomæus, who was mortally wounded, dreamed that a dragon, belonging to his mother, appeared before him, bearing in its mouth a root which proved a remedy. On a search being instituted, the root was discovered; and Ptolomæus, and many other soldiers, recovered by its use.

Calphurnia, the wife of Cæsar, dreamed that her husband fell bleeding across her knees. She told him what had occurred to her in sleep, and warned him not to go out that day. Disregarding her prayers and entreaties, he proceeded to the forum, and was assassinated.

Cyprian, bishop of the Church in Africa, as he declares, received many divine admonitions in dreams to elude the wrath and edicts of Decius. He obeyed, but finally suffered martyrdom.

Constantine, while sleeping in Byzantium, dreamed that the tutelar guardian of the city, a venerable matron, sinking under the weight of years and infirmities, was suddenly transformed into a blooming maiden, whom his own hands adorned with all the symbols of imperial greatness. The subsequent splendors of the western capital signally verified the vision. The same emperor, on the night preceding the last battle against Maxentius, was admonished in a dream to inscribe the shields of his soldiers with the celestial sign of God. Interpreting this as a promise of victory, he executed the command, and his adversary was overthrown.

A young Englishman, at Cambridge, sleeping with his brother, dreamed that his mother passed by him with a sad countenance, and said to him, that contrary to his anticipation, she could not be present at his commencement. His brother dreamed the same thing. The next carrier brought the intelligence of his mother's death.

When the cholera broke out, in 1831, in Berlin, all Brandenburg was alarmed. A teacher dreamed that he saw a mon-

ster approach from the East, and when near, spring to the right and to the left; from which it was concluded that Brandenburg would escape. The conclusion was justified in the event.

A young lady of Ross-shire, deeply in love with an officer who accompanied Sir John Moore in the Peninsular War, dreamed one night that her lover appeared to her pale and bloody, and informed her that he had been slain in battle. Accounts which verified the dream, were in a short time received. He was killed at the battle of Corunna the very day on the night of which the lady beheld the vision.

A multiplicity of similar instances might be cited which would seem to justify to a considerable extent the prophetic nature of dreams; but an equally large multitude of cases might be instanced where soothsayers, magicians, seers, and others have foretold the future, whose predictions have been verified—as, the Sybilline leaves, and Virgil, in his fourth Eclogue, pre-announced the birth of our Saviour; but the great mass of vaticinations have had no consummation. To chance, therefore, must we ascribe these singular coincidences. Nothing is more common than to dream of the future. In fact, most of our dreams are of what is to come. Certainly, in the visions of the night we never retrace the pathway of life. Children *may* dream of being men, but men *never* dream of being boys. Yet of all our sleeping vagaries, how many have we realized? The reverence and superstition inherent in man has caused him to attribute every thing incomprehensible to Divinity, and hence this ascription of dreams, justified perhaps in an occasional instance by coincidences of an extraordinary nature.

There are also dreams singularly wonderful, which, as Hood remarks, "nothing are but dreams." Dr. Dodridge dreamed of ascending to heaven, and conversing with the Redeemer. St. Augustine relates of a brother in the church (whose name now escapes me) that, in a vision, he beheld the Golden City, and heard the song of the ransomed, which so strengthened him in his religious faith,

that doubts previously entertained were entirely banished from his breast. Socrates dreamed that he held on his knees a cygnet, which on a sudden became full-fledged, and flew up singing most sweetly. The next day Plato was placed under his tuition, when he said, "This is the bird." And the golden-tongued philosopher, when about to die, dreamed that he had become a swan and went from tree to tree.

The efficient causes of dreams are undoubtedly physical. The greater portion arise from indigestion. Hence Pythagoras forbade beans to his disciples, as destructive of the mental equilibrium. Mrs. Radcliffe and Fuseli are reported to have accustomed themselves to devour raw meat before retiring, in order that by the horrors incident, they might—the one eke out the terrors of her unnatural tales—the other be furnished with monstrosities for transference to his supernatural canvas. Fevers are also prolific of vision; and the same may be said of every abnormal condition of the physical functions. Anxiety, solicitude, and mental shocks, deranging the system, are also productive of these vagaries. But it is very doubtful whether the music of a calm, sweet, and healthy slumber was ever unharmonized by these discordant notes.

Plato, Aristotle, Pythagoras, and many learned men, both ancient and modern, erudite in all the mysteries both of psychology and of the pills and saddlebags, have left for our enlightenment and eternal gratitude, rules and regulations whereby we may escape those nocturnal visitants and disturbers of our slumbers. But out upon them, for officious intermeddlers, gratuitous interlopers! for man, with all the pomp of splendid attainments, with all his power in mundane achievements, with all the magnificence which wealth, sway, and erudition can confer, knows no higher joy than when (*mens sine pondere ludit*) the spirit, casting off the trammels of the self-invested life, goes a-maying among the fields and flowers of the uncreated dream-land.

Many a time and oft has the writer hereof, when he has gathered around his

form supine the garniture of night, hopefully desired that in his slumber he might catch glimpses of that irradiate realm, of whose portals the keys are kept by the drowsy god. Often has he concentrated his thoughts upon some darling theme, and sent up a petition that the shadowy hand might throw open to him the golden gate, beyond which lie the Delectable Mountains which Bunyan in his vision saw, whereon Christian, standing, beheld the far-off splendors of "God's great town in the unknown land." But too often have his desires and efforts met with disappointments; and no greater error did Sir Thomas Browne fall into than when he said, "The phantasms of sleep do commonly walk in the great road of natural and animal desires, when the thoughts and actions of the day are acted over and echoed in the night."

That is one of the "Pseudodoxia Epidemica" he should have attacked, instead of giving currency. There are numerous instances, indubitably, where events of the day have furnished the theme for the vision of the night; but, it is the common experience that the latter, more often than otherwise, bear no relation to the former. Still, that experiences do frequently engage the faculties in sleep, is unquestionable. In dreams sometimes old transactions are marshaled up, whereof the visionary had become oblivious. A number of such instances have happened with the writer, and with others, to which his attention has been called.

A legal friend, having occasion to make use of an old paper of considerable value, which had been some years previous left in his possession, on going to its proper place for safe keeping, was surprised to find it missing. A search was instituted which resulted in no discovery. The remainder of that day, and the whole of the evening were consumed in the examination of every bundle, desk, and table in his office where by any possibility it might be concealed, but with no success. The paper was essential in a cause coming on to be tried, and the anxiety of the attorney became

very painful. After the fruitless endeavors of the two days, he retired, troubled in mind and depressed in spirits. During the night he dreamed, that going to his office, he proceeded to a case of old papers, which had not been disturbed on account of its antiquity, and that in the lower right-hand corner pigeon-hole, beneath a number of old briefs, the missing document was found. In the morning, he went to the place indicated in his dream, and there, beneath a bundle of old briefs, the desired paper was discovered. Whereupon he recollected that at a former day he had placed it there in order that it might not, by any chance, be mislaid.

"But pray, Mr. Writer, give us no more instances. From their constant occurrence, there is nothing more distasteful to me than the narration of dreams. Besides, you must be aware that we are all acquainted with, at least, the substance of what you are saying."

Very true, madam; but people sometimes like to be told of what they *do* know. It shows that they are appreciated.

"Mr. Writer, allow me to interrupt you. Will you come to the point directly, and give us your theory of dreams?"

Well, sir, my theory is, that they arise from some physical perturbation—never from a mental derangement except as that affects the system; and I have before said as much as this. I further hold that we never dream when asleep; but that all our visions take place while awakening, and in the twinkling of an eye—so great celerity in its operations has the mind. But it is not my object in this article to support my theory by proofs. We will, therefore, forego all discussion.

"Please inform me then, Mr. Writer, why you have undertaken this? You certainly ought to have some object in view."

True, my dear girl,—who, with thy heaven of beauty, art bending over this page—(*sic iter ad astra*) and to you I reply: The writer hereof has never in his reading or information been able to find

an instance where in a dream the corporeal identity of the visionary was lost; neither had he imagined it possible for man to have any conception of himself separate and apart from the body. To relate, then, a strange dream which once happened to me is my desire. The narrative has thus been prefaced for the purpose of refreshing your memory, and awakening your cogitations; as what is about to be set before you is strange, and stranger still, it is true—a veritable dream—one not conjured up for the purpose of whiling a few leisure hours in composition; and one affording (to my manner of thinking) a subject for contemplation to those interested in matters pertaining to vision.

I dreamed one night—but how shall I express myself?—I was about to say that I had died. I, however, did not so dream. It did not occur to me that any disease had attacked me, that any throes or pangs had been endured, or that the lamp of existence had been extinguished. I was aware, notwithstanding, that a dissolution between soul and body had taken place, and that I was a spirit, without form, semblance, or even shadow,—still a living, existent identity, conscious of my being; I was freed from this prison-house of clay. Oh! the ineffable rapture which the sense of that liberty conferred upon me! the exultation that thrilled me, jubilant in my triumph over mortality! the flood of eternal glory which seemed to pour into and illuminate my new state of being! Under the domestic roof I stood—or rather *was*—without surprise, calmly, quietly, and alone, regarding my cold, untenanted body,—its lips, sealed with the seal of everlasting silence—the light of its eyes put out forever—its waxen features—all things plainly indicating that the silver cord had been loosed, the golden bowl broken, the pitcher broken at the fountain, and the wheel broken at the cistern. However, I was not fully assured of my decease. I feared lest there might be animation in the clay-cold form before me,—lest the animal functions might not be entirely suspended,—lest my present freedom might prove merely a temporary

estrangement,—and lest a reunion, which would again subject me to the pains, sorrows, and sufferings of humanity, devoutly hoped to have been escaped, might once more revisit me with their intolerable pangs. So I touched, with a hand invisible to myself, or came in contact by some means, with the face of the corpse. The clammy, icy feeling which it rendered back, running through me even to my inmost self, I shall never forget. Nor shall I forget the gladness which then pervaded me, as I became fully assured that I *was* dead indeed. No more toils for uncertain rewards; no more hopes to brighten for a moment and expire; no more of the fever, fret, and unprofitable stir of gain!—nothing but an unspeakable beatitude.

Suddenly, a transition occurred. My body was lying in a coffin ready for interment. The window was open, and (here an incongruity will be remarked) the air was odorous with the perfume of a just-budding grape-vine growing near by. There, in a parlor, was a coffin, with the pall resting upon it; and there was I, alone, regarding it! By-and-by the bell began ringing. People entered the room, but did not seem to be aware of my presence. All wore a serious air, trod softly, and spoke to one another in whispers. Then it flashed over me that my funeral was about to take place, and joy illumined my spiritual crest. A power I could not resist, bade me remain near my inanimate form,—a love of it for the service it had rendered me as the agent of my temporal longings and desires; but I felt assured that, when it should be committed earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, the restraint would be removed, and I would be enabled to wing my flight to whatever blissful region the spirit would, of its divine nature, seek in the kingdom of immortality.

At length the folds of the pall were thrown back, the coffin-lid opened, and within I beheld my body arrayed in the trappings of the last great battle. There was my face frozen with an eternal quiescence, the sunken eye, the white lip; there were my hands crossed humbly on

my breast, “as if praying dumbly;” there lay all that I had been accustomed to call myself—all that friends were wont to look upon as myself, mute and motionless forever—no more myself, but a separate and distinct object.

My friends came to look upon my corpse. One by one, with solemn aspect, they gazed and passed by. At length, the members of the family approached. This was the first I had seen of them, *the first time I had thought of them!* They were all clothed in the deepest mourning; and, as the stricken household gathered around the head, I could hear the suppressed sob—could see the trickling tear. There were the stifled agonies of manly grief, and the frequent utterances of female affection; and I thought: After all, how much they do love one another on earth! Then the last imprint of earthly affection was placed upon the pallid lips, sisterly, brotherly, fatherly; and Oh! what a long, long kiss of agony was that my mother gave me—so long it seemed as if, like the Seer of old, she was striving to breathe new life into the returning dust. Still, I was unmoved; and when she lifted up her face, while her tears were yet warm upon the ashen features, I spoke to her a word of comfort: “Mother, why are you so cast down? I am *not* dead. It is the body only which sleeps. I am here with you; and will ever be in the midst of the loved ones at home.” She did not, however, hear me with her bodily sense; though my words seemed to have reached her inmost spirit, for the shadow which rested upon her countenance began to lift, a smile of heavenly rapture shone through her tears, and her soul discerned the mingling beauties of the bow of promise in the spiritual sky.

Again I touched the cheek; and as the same icy thrill passed through me, I said: “Farewell, my poor old body!” The undertaker then came, closed the lid, drove in the screws, replaced the pall. The coffin was borne out, and placed on the hearse. The mourners took their seats in the carriages, and the funeral train moved on to the sound of

the knell. The same indescribable attraction constrained me to follow my corpse. The procession entered the cemetery. It was a cold, gloomy day; the trees were stripped of their foliage, the songs of the birds were mute, and a light snow was falling, whitening the brow of the hill, and all the glorious valleys of the Susquehanna and Ahwaga, which form a junction beneath. We approached a new-made grave, where the coffin was drawn from the hearse and set down. The mourners and friends assembled around, and the coffin was lowered. What is singular, during all this time there had been no religious ceremonies; nor was I, in any manner, surprised thereat. The ropes were withdrawn, and as the earth, rattled upon my breast, I awoke!

An alarm, which I set every night to wake me betimes in the morning, was sounding. I found my body lying upon one arm, which, from the pressure, had become numb and cold—so much so that it felt like that of another person. and my other hand was resting upon it. This dream, seeming to occupy some two or three days, had undoubtedly commenced with the ringing of the clock, which had excited in my mind the idea of the knell and the rattle of the earth. The benumbed arm had given me the notion of the corpse; the rest is unaccountable. All that I have related must have transpired *within thirty seconds*. None of my dreams have possessed the vividness of this one, and to describe it with my sensations and emotions, is beyond my power. The foregoing, however, are the dim and feebly-traced outlines of it. As we have no conception of ourselves apart from our corporeal substance, it shows conclusively that dreams *may be* something more than the mere wild and fanciful reproductions of our waking experiences, imaginings, and impressions; and that the excursions which the mind makes into the realms of vision are, oftentimes, entirely undirected and unconfined by the realities of this sublunary sphere.

I would have no faith laid up in dreams, nor have them influence our

actions in any manner, except as they may rationally hint to us by what way we may attain to the good, the beautiful, and the true; but, it has ever been my creed that they *do* tend to confirm us in the faith we have of an immortal spark within us which does *not* depend for its radiance upon this congregation of flesh, blood, and animal properties; and that, when freed from it, we shall be of a higher, nobler order of being; and, above all, that Providence has designed them as the rock of defence against the assaults of matter upon the trusts we have reposed in immortality. Well sung Byron:

“Our life is twofold: Sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and Existence. Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality;
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy.
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils—
They do divide our being; they become
A portion of ourselves, as of our time,
And look like heralds of Eternity.”

MY NEIGHBOR.

BY MARY J. CROSMAN.

JONATHAN Bliss lives over the way,—
And every morning at break of day,
When to the meadow I wend my way
To milk my cow,
I get a bow,

From Jonathan, over the way.

Eyes of the deepest, tenderest blue,
That smiles may ripple or tears bedew,
Or passion kindle with love-light true,

Are his, whose art

Has won my heart,

Are Jonathan's, over the way.

Hair of the brightest, loveliest shade,
That brown in the sunlight ever made,
Or daintiest chapeau overlaid,

Has he whose smile

Knoweth no guile,

Has Jonathan, over the way.

Acres of wheat, of barley, and corn,—
Workmen awaiting the dinner-horn,
Flocks that are thriving and flocks forlorn,
Feeding on hills,

Or quaffing at rills,

Has Jonathan, over the way.

Beauty, and wealth, and goodness combined,
Treasures of purse, and treasures of mind,—
Perfect is he as any you'll find,

Is he whose praise

Inspires my lays,

Is Jonathan, over the way.

THE ROMANTIC HUSBAND.

BY FRANCES FULLER BARRITT.

"Alas! we make a ladder of our thoughts
where angels step,
But sleep ourselves at the foot."

IT was right royal June weather. Garrett Grey and George St. George fully appreciated it as they strolled along the most quiet and beautiful avenue of the aristocratic town of N——, on the Hudson. The maples softly fluttered their not yet perfect leaves; the locusts gayly tossed their white plumes in the delicious morning wind; and the hundred families of roses seemed vieing with each other for the fame of being dewiest and most fragrant. The Hudson shone silvery not far away; the Highlands were robed in a vail of fine azure mist; beautiful views laid all about on every hillside and valley bottom; the very air inspired ecstasy, and the sunshine penetrated to the hearts of men, and was reflected again through their eyes.

Our friends walked leisurely along, conversing in an undertone, unconsciously doing homage to June, queen of the Summer, and thinking that here were scenes that were

"Worthy of a king in state,
Or a poet in his youth."

Pausing, at length, to lift the latch of a gate leading up a flowery avenue to a tasteful cottage, the young men simultaneously raised their hats, as two young ladies, mounted on fleet horses, went dashing along the road.

"That is splendid riding!" said St. George, admiringly; "the English ladies can't excel that!"

"Did you recognize the tallest one?" asked Grey.

"No; I was just about to ask who is she?"

"It is Esther Brooks; that shy, proud girl we used to see so seldom beside her gayer cousin Isabel, in her uncle Gilmore's house during the vacation."

"She was a sort of charity ward, was she not? It is strange how proud these poor-house people are, when assisted to a place beside the rich and gay!"

"Take care, St. George! she is an heiress, now, and was always the child of aristocratic blood. She has the largest fortune in N——, at present."

"Ah! then I presume she is no longer 'shy and proud,' but has

'Suffer'd a GOLD change
Into something *rich* and strange,'"

remarked St. George, carelessly.

"You will doubtless have opportunities of judging for yourself," said Grey, with a slight coldness in his tone. "But come, the fair equestrians were long ago out of sight; let us go into the house—I want your opinion of my bachelor den."

"Now, this is a fine conceit of yours, Grey," said his friend, throwing himself upon a lounge in the library, after going over the house with its master, and exploring its hidden perfections. "But why, in the name of Cupid and Hymen, and all the rest, don't you get married, now that you have so charming a cage for your bird?"

"Say *nest*, not cage," returned Grey, quickly. "God forbid my home should prove a prison to whatever gentle spirit comes to dwell in it. But the question you ask is a serious one, and I know not if I ought to give you all my reasons. You used to call me romantic at college, and I fear my romance has not dwindled away since then. But instead of its being in the form of sonnets and moonlight serenades, it has become the spirit of my life. I candidly confess to you, St. George, that I shrink from commonplace people and commonplace sentiments, and can only breathe freely in this atmosphere of romance. That is why I have settled myself in this pretty little place; and that is why, with all respect for woman, I am here also."

"Whew!" whistled St. George, with a peculiar tone to the interjection, "then I may tell the fair ones of N—— that they are commonplace, I presume?—at least, that my friend, Garrett Grey, Gentleman of Leisure, and Knight of Nonsense, believes them to be so!"

"That would not be doing them any kindness, I suspect, St. George; therefore, your disposition to impart knowl-

edge might get us both into disgrace. Besides, you jumped to your own conclusion without my aid. I had not said I condemned the ladies of N—— as being really commonplace, all of them; I only meant to say that I feared to make the experiment of bringing one here, did I know of one who would come, for the fear that the feeling with which I should do so would vanish on subjecting her and myself to the ordeal of every-day life. You cannot but know I am candid in distrusting the wisdom of my own views in a practical sense."

"No; and that is the only consideration which renders them ever excusable," cried St. George, springing up, and gesticulating vehemently as he continued: "Why, Garrett, I am astonished at this open avowal of your folly. Defend me from your romantic men! They are the maddest lunatics out of Bedlam! Here are you, with a fortune of fifteen thousand a year—more or less—a poet and a scholar, and good-looking enough to turn half the female heads in your direction wherever you go, with a charming home, and notable home tastes; and yet calmly set marriage aside because you are afraid of finding it *commonplace*! If Garrett Grey has not the facilities for making marriage poetical enough for poor humanity, I do not know the man who has!"

"Unless it were George St. George, Esq.! Well, I give you leave to scold me as much as you think I deserve, because I think it probable that I merit a reproof for what, I have no doubt, you esteem my self-conceit. But the error—if error it is—has the virtue of sincerity in it; and I am prepared to defend my views even in the face of your sarcasms, which I foresee I shall bring upon myself without mercy. I have never lived in Paris, as you have, long enough to modify my sentiments according to a rule of interest or convenience, reserving passion for the third place in importance:—so that disposes of the chance of my marrying any woman simply because 'it is a good match.' Again, as you say, I am a scholar—consequently, should be disgusted with the inanities of a woman of no learning; and yet more, I am a

poet, and love all things beautiful, pure, fanciful—in short, I love the ideal, and have a horror of a charming woman turning out to be a very plain sort of person, in a soiled morning gown, as I have known some charming women to do. All or any of the defects I foresee in the future Mrs. Grey, would drive me to build another cottage, where I might dwell in peace and quietness with my ideal, who never says a silly thing, nor looks for one moment coarse and jaded, and who never has on a soiled morning gown."

"You made a thrust—not an entirely generous one—at my Parisian sentiments. Very well! I pass over that. But then, let me tell you, that although I might make a marriage in which I consulted more than my blind impulses; when I shall be finally married, I shall have the grace, I sincerely hope, to overlook any trifling defect I may discover in my wife after entering the sacred intimacy of that connection. If my wife that is to be does not find any faults in me after a thorough acquaintance of day after day, for years, either it will prove her to be the clearest-sighted woman before marriage, and the most perfect man after it that ever entered connubial bonds. I take this for granted beforehand, and shall not be surprised when, one by one, some frailties common to humanity appear in the character of the future Mrs. St. George. If she is not very learned, I shall be glad her womanly brains are at ease in their pretty cranium; if she is not very practical, I shall fancy she is fonder of me than of flowers of sentiment; and if she chances to have on a morning gown a little the worse for wear, I shall gently suggest the washer-woman or the seamstress, doing this same with a kiss, that she need not think me meddling."

Whatever further explanations of his intentions with regard to the future Mrs. St. George would have been made, they were interrupted for the present by the start of surprise which Garrett Grey gave at that instant, and turning his eyes toward the door, he beheld as its cause the fair equestrians, whip in hand, standing on the threshold.

"Good morning, Mr. Grey!" exclaimed the most musical of girlish voices, and a perfect cloud of flaxen curls danced as their mistress made a rapid yet graceful courtesy to the occupants of the room. "John told us to walk in," she continued, tripping forward and sinking upon the first seat she came to; at the same time glancing at St. George, as if to say, "but we didn't know you had a stranger with you."

Grey welcomed the gay beauty pleasantly, and stepped forward to meet her less lively companion who still stood lingeringly near the door, and who did not take a seat until pressed to do so by her host.

"Ladies, allow me to present you an old friend, Mr. St. George, whom I presume you remember as one of Harry's friends in college days, though more lately he has been abroad. St. George, Miss Gilmore and Miss Brooks."

It was not surprising that the accomplished man of the world was the very slightest degree embarrassed by the appearance of these ladies, conjecturing as he did that they had overheard his last animated remarks, and remembering that he had made an awkward comment upon one of them that morning, which had evidently nettled his friend Grey. He could perceive, too, the triumph in Grey's eyes when his own look had just left the face of the 'shy and proud' Esther, who, despite all her before-named disadvantages, he could not help acknowledging was quite a distinguished-looking woman. But he was not a man to be long disconcerted by any thing only slightly *mal apropos*; and the whole party were soon chatting gayly, if we except Esther, who never was what might be called gay. She was piquant, sometimes keen and sarcastic, but always quiet. Her manner this morning had a touch of hauteur in it which aided her fine form and dark, brilliant complexion in making her look queenly. Miss Gilmore appeared the reverse of her cousin in most traits, either physical or mental. She was very beautiful—of a soft, fair, delicate style of beauty,—gay, frank, girlish, willful, charming by her pretty de-

pendence, and altogether a spoiled child of indulgence at home and abroad.

St. George was not long in winning her confidence sufficiently to draw out her playful raillery.

"We were so unfortunate," said she, at the close of some comment on Grey's bachelor habits, "as to become eavesdroppers to some remarks of yours on matrimonial subjects, Mr. St. George. I do not mean, of course, that we are sorry we overheard what was in itself so gratifying on account of our sex, but only that we had enjoyed what was not intended for us."

"I do not know why," said Grey, a little maliciously, "my friend here should dislike to have his sentiments known, since he promises to be the most indulgent of benedicts,—a pledge which ought to win him favor among the ladies."

"Lovers are like politicians, I suppose: very lavish of promises before election," said Isabel, sending St. George a mirthful arrow from her beautiful soft, brown eyes, under whose long, bronzed lashes lurked a saucy smile. "I venture to affirm that Mr. Grey had been saying he should be a perfect ogre, had he not?" she asked, appealing to Mr. Grey's friend.

"I think I must testify to his having mentioned something about two cottages, in case Mrs. Grey proved to be possessed of the faults incident to humanity," answered St. George with a touch of malice.

Grey blushed like a bashful girl, as he caught Esther's half scornful glance, and encountered Isabel's curious one; and the worst of it was that he could not prevaricate or remove the impression of his uncompromising disposition; therefore, he passed over this *expose* in silence.

"You had better make a memorandum, Belle, that one promises too much, and the other too little, and advise your acquaintances accordingly," remarked Esther, dryly.

"Not a bit of it, coz," replied Isabel, setting her curls and ostrich plumes in motion again by a careless shake of the head; "the gentlemen are granted the same liberty *I* take, of saying as many

unmeaning things as they chose. It would be fearfully tedious to make them responsible."

"And superlatively refreshing to find they held themselves so," added Esther, avoiding the stolen glance of Grey's eyes.

"Are we all so fallen from the truth, then, Miss Brooks, as that we are no longer thought to be responsible for our words," asked St. George, directing an inquisitive look at Esther's quietly scornful face.

"I fear I am not a proper person to answer that question," replied Esther, evasively.

"Yet you challenged the inquiry. I hope you will not refuse the contest when you have thrown down the gauntlet."

"At another time then. In the mean while select your weapons, and appoint your place of meeting," and Esther vouchsafe him a brilliant yet half disdainful smile.

"Oh, Mr. Grey!" cried Isabel, contracting her brows into a ludicrous expression of apprehension, "I was not aware what a terrible place a bachelor den is, or I am sure I should never have ventured in. Here is Esther arranging a duel already, which makes me think it is high time we should 'mount and away,' before you and I fall to quarreling."

"A possibility highly improbable," said Esther, this time letting her eyes rest a moment on Grey's; who colored again, and turning to Isabel, invited her to view the place, and pass her judgment upon it; also indicating to St. George that he was to follow with Miss Brooks.

"Miss Brooks prefers to remain here, I perceive; and I do not care to go over the ground twice this morning," said St. George, as he observed the slight but inflexible frown with which Esther turned toward the window to look out upon the garden. Taking up a book, he left her to her mood, while Grey and Isabel strolled out of sight in the shrubbery.

"What has happened between Esther and you?" asked the latter, when they sat down for a moment to rest, in an arbor of rustic workmanship.

"The same thing that is always happening. She is so imperious with me that I am never at rest," said Grey, in an irritated tone.

Isabel's face assumed a more serious look than seemed native to it as she watched the perplexed countenance of her companion. "What a pity two such nice people can not always be agreeable to one another!" she said, with a half-sigh.

"I do not see how it is to end," Grey continued, after a moment of despairing reverie. "I love her, passionately—she is sure of that; yet she will not allow me to use the privilege, which such a love ought to give me, of correcting the gravest or the slightest of her faults. She says, if I love her, I love what she is, and not what she might be, and that she will not suffer dictation. If I do not love her—faults and all—I shall not have her, for there is no chance of my getting her without them! She is so nearly perfect, that I can not give her up; and still so perverse in one or two particulars, that I fear we shall never be able to live in peace!"

"Poor fellow!" cried Isabel, in a mock distress; "I know not what to do for you!" and as she said this she sprang up, laughing, and ran down the walk, after a butterfly.

"Why could not Esther have some of this vivacity and docility?" asked Grey of himself, looking after the charming figure of Isabel with a new emotion. "After all, intellect is a dangerous quality in a woman, and she is more lovely, if less fascinating, without it."

"What is that you are saying?" asked Isabel, coming up to show her captive.

"Nothing."

"People in love are like this pretty creature, from whose wings my touch has removed the down, leaving it marked and defaced forever. Had I a spiritual microscope, no doubt I should see the wings of your soul in just such a condition. Poor Pysche!" and again the girlish laugh rang out clear and joyous.

"There is poetry in her, which I might bring out," thought Grey; though Isabel only saw sorrow for Esther's per-

versity in his looks. And while he really sighed over his blighted dreams, a yet more distant dream was in his mind, of which he took then no cognizance.

They were walking back toward the house. "Tell Esther that I shall call to see her this evening, and ask her to be at home."

When they re-entered the library, Esther and St. George were looking over a volume of architectural designs together. "Miss Brooks is asking my advice about a country-house," said the latter, in explanation. I infer from her remarks that she has adopted Grey's ideas about living alone, and means to act upon them immediately."

Grey stared at Esther for a moment, while the color actually deserted his face; but she was quietly unconscious, and he recollected himself with a flush of displeasure at having betrayed any surprise.

"There are some very fine designs there," he said carelessly; "will you have a cottage or a mansion, Miss Brooks?"

"A castle!" she replied, with emphasis, as if meaning to signify its impregnability.

"If you have a castle, you must have knights, esquires, and servitors to guard it for you," said St. George.

Esther only smiled. She would not venture a reply that would provoke any remarks from Grey. "Come, let us ride," said she to Isabel, and they all walked down to the gate, where John had the horses in hand.

When the two graceful horsewomen were mounted and gone, St. George turned to his friend with the smile of one who knows our secret, and said—"So, then, a man who dare not marry may still be in love?"

Grey said nothing. He was really very much vexed by the little breeze of ill-humor which had ruffled the roses of this June morning.

"Let it pass! It is nothing, truly!" continued his friend, answering his thoughts; "Miss Brooks is a woman who does credit to your judgment and feeling. I saw at a glance that she is no

common person, and you are foolish to trifle away her regard with your absurd tyrannies, as I see you are disposed. I like her all the better for not yielding—it shows dignity and self-respect. A man has no right to approach a woman with a proviso in his hand, saying *if* you will do so and so, I will graciously love and marry you—but not unless you conform to my terms. I suppose you have quarreled with her about some of your romantic notions, which she has the sense to treat with contempt?"

Grey was half consoled by this rough treatment. He wanted some one of his own sex to batter down his wall of difficulty with stern disapprobation of his course. For himself, he could not overcome it; but assisted by another, it appeared more easily vanquished.

"I confess," said he, "that it appears absurd when I remember it, that I should have quarreled with Esther about such a trifle; but at the time it had all the weight of a great question with me."

"And pray, what was the great question?"

"Why, to confess the truth, it was about putting on hoops."

"*Hoops! Hoops!*" and St. George laughed uproariously. "You do not affirm that you quarreled with Miss Brooks about hoops?"

"I believe I made my confession to that effect!"

"Please enlighten me farther. Were you for or against?"

"Of course I am against. Esther has a Juno-like form, and I think it a matter of some consequence when a woman takes such singular and ridiculous means to disguise the beauty nature gave her. It was the being such a slave to the absurdities of fashion that I objected to most of all."

St. George meditated. "Well, I hope she will not have you—that is all the comfort I can give you in the case. A pretty time she would have, with you to meddle with her crinoline! I suppose, in the height of the hooped styles, you would like to walk up our fashionable streets with your wife looking slim as a post, in contrast to her crinolined neighbors?"

"I should have the satisfaction of feeling that I had a sensible and conscientious woman for my wife, at least!"

"And of feeling that while you admire her for her extraordinary sense, all your friends regarded her as a perfect fright; and all the little boys were making faces behind her."

"You are extreme in your contrasts; I have no idea that there would be any thing remarkable in failing to follow a fashion so strange."

"But Miss Brooks has. She knows that the more remarkable a fashion is, the more the non-observance of it will be noticed; and, like a sensible woman, declines being made ridiculous by her singularity. I'll tell you again, Grey, I hope you will not get her, for if she becomes what you desire, she will be a fine woman spoilt—such is my opinion of your nonsense."

"For which I am much obliged. Perhaps she would be better with *you*?"

"I shall not say; but be careful how you thrown down the glove to me in this matter. It may suit me to take it up."

(To be continued.)

I PASS NO LOVELY PLACE OR CREATURE.

BY D. A. BIBB.

I PASS no lovely place or creature
But I turn to look again,
That I may its every feature
Clearly print upon my brain.
And with gladness I receive it
Into memory's secret store,
Though I know not when I leave it
If I e'er shall see it more.

For I hold it as a duty,
Due his soul from every man,
Thus to treasure up all beauty,
Where and whensoever he can.
That when sadness clouds his spirit,
And the present has no ray,
From the past he may inherit
Joy to cheer him on his way.

And I can not say how often
Thy calm loveliness has come
To my brooding soul to soften
And to chide its coward gloom.
And although thy glance shall never
Greet me kindly, as of yore,
In my heart thy image ever
Keeps the charm which then it wore.

TREASURES.

BY ALICE CARY.

THEY found her at the palace gate—
Her black hair fallen so low,
Was like a mourning veil about
Her bosom, white as snow.

Her sunburnt hands were ringless all,
And tired her dusty feet—
She had no charity to ask,
No sorrow to repeat.

But they who saw her eyes,
And saw her smiling, said,
She must have had a friend sometime
Who loved her, and was dead.

They led her to a chamber fine
And all her black hair lay
On sheets as sweet as lavender:
The night fell, and the day

Came golden through the tapestry,
And shone along the wall
Betwixt the pictures. Wearily
She whisper'd, "Is this all?"

The lady of the palace came
And kiss'd her, but she lay
Unmindful of the tenderness:
The sun set and the day

Went out in red and purple fire;—
With candles many a one
Burn'd in her chamber, making it
As cheerful as the sun;

They brought her robes of broidery,
They combed her heavy hair,
And hung about her neck the pearls
A queen had had to wear.

On gilded services they brought
Red peaches, and white bread,
New wine and apples, "Well-a-day!
And is this all?" she said.

In vain the fruits, in vain the flowers,
The pearls and broidery, all;
Her hands she lay across, and turn'd
Her face against the wall.

Her eyes had looks like prison'd birds,
Sleepless, and open wide;
So, saying over the same words,
Three days went, and she died.

And when her grave was made, and when
They heard the damp earth fall
Upon her coffin, many wept,
Repeating, "Is this all?"

"My children,"—'twas a holy man
That spoke—"ye greatly err;
That life has treasures in its dust,
Ye might have learn'd of her—

Treasures of faith, of trust in man,
And trust in God above;
Of mercy, and of charity,
And more than all of love."

SARAH, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. HALBERT.

CHARLES Stuart, of infamous memory, was near his end, when a young and radiant girl was introduced at Whitehall, upon whose still infantile palm a gipsy might have read a career more imposing than has fallen to any Englishwoman since Elizabeth.

When only twelve years old, the parents of Sarah Jennings eagerly surrendered their daughter, a spirited, willful, beautiful creature, to the fascinations of a court, which has been the *standard* of dissoluteness from that day to this. Who could not weep for this poor child, so young, so thoughtless, brought garlanded to the altar, and bound therein by parental hands?

Although from a family of considerable wealth and position, Sarah had not even the basis of an education. She knew nothing of French, the native tongue of courtiers, and could not perform the simplest sum in arithmetic, although necessity and native shrewdness afterward taught her a method of computation peculiar to herself. But small reason had she to bewail her ignorance, since her whole employment consisted in some trifling duties about her mistress, the Duchess of York, and playing with the little Princess Anne; and since she was not likely to want, in the whole course of her life, any higher accomplishment than that of knowing when lappets should be pinned up and when worn hanging.

Catharine Braganza, Charles's homely and unloved Queen, with a strange ignorance of human nature, had surrounded herself with elderly ladies of high rank and severe morals, but as stiff and ungenial as herself, thus driving her dissolute spouse in disgust from her apartments into the arms of voluptuous beauties. But the Duchess of York made up her little court on a different principle, gathering about her the fairest of English maidens, among whom the bright, particular star was Sarah Jennings.

She is described as the perfection of majestic grace in form, with a complex-

ion remarkably clear and brilliant, soft flaxen hair, and a very piquant and fascinating expression. Although reared far from courts, she had, by nature, the grand air of a king's daughter—in short, she was a fine, spirited, magnificent girl, a little fractious and willful, but far too handsome to be suspected of any thing so gross as temper—gay, shrewd, witty, audacious, sarcastic, the central figure of the court.

The only manual of education put in the hands of this young girl, so nobly endowed and so imperiled by temptation, was the Book of Etiquette. It was a small matter to know how to write grammatically and understand the geography of her island—it was a great matter to determine the exact longitude of a courtesy, and the precise parabolic curve to be described in a graceful retrogression from the royal presence. Both Sarah and her mistress were woeful mutilators of the king's English through life, both in spelling and composition, though the former had a straightforwardness and terse vigor of expression not to be despised, even in the days of Pope and Swift.

Scandal was the only fruit which thrived in the soil of Whitehall—it was the bread upon which the courtiers fed—the “pulse” with which the king nourished his servants. Nor was the diet unpalatable to Sarah.

Already she began to acquire an influence over the young Princess Anne, to whom she had been assigned as playmate, who gladly leaned on the stronger nature of her friend; and thus these two notable personages began to rehearse, in childhood, the play they were to enact afterward in the face of all Christendom.

Meanwhile, and by way of interlude to more absorbing employments, Miss Jennings had fallen in love. The object of her preference, we can scarcely call it by a warmer name, was John Churchill, surnamed the “handsome Englishman,” a young and gallant soldier, who already gave promise of the great part he was to act in life.

Col. Churchill was very seriously enamored. He loved with the whole

strength of his earnest nature, and through a long life proved faithful to his first and only choice. On the part of the maiden there was fidelity and a cordial friendship, and as much affection as her worldly unimagined nature permitted; for of love as a sentiment and passion, she does not seem to have been susceptible. In 1678 the marriage took place, the Duchess of York being present, and making the bride handsome presents. A nobler-looking couple England might look for in vain. But they were nearly fortuneless, and so ridiculous did a love-match seem in those days when the "marriage settlements" were but a polite name for stock-jobbing and money haggling, that the brave colonel and his queenly bride were fain to go on at court as usual, and wait for prosperity to "turn up" before receiving their nuptial congratulations. In a few months, however, the union was acknowledged.

In 1683, upon the marriage of the Princess Anne, she selected her favorite for "Lady of the Bed-Chamber," and wrote a most humble obliging letter to her, with thanks for doing her the *honor* to accept the post. Anne, at this time, was about twenty years old. She had a symmetrical, well-rounded form, though too short for majesty, a face fair and moderately comely, hands of exquisite molding, and a voice deliciously intoned. The expression of her whole person was that of passionless amiability. She could assume the dignity of a queen on occasion, but it was a constraint on her inclination. She had neither taste nor aptitude for command, and her greatest happiness was to forget her rank, and feign herself a private woman. Nor was she satisfied till she had given her illusions life by a real friendship of equality with Lady Churchill. Around this remarkable compact she gathered whatever of romance there was in her calm and impassive nature. With a magnanimity truly princely, she gave her favorite the leading part in this farce, a generosity which the latter was not slow in improving; and lest titles of ceremony should recall her from her lowly dream, she banished them from their intercourse,

—thenceforth, both by letter and in conversation, the Princess was Mrs. Morley, and Lady Sarah, Mrs. Freeman. Thus must the great of earth banish all that lifts them above their fellows before they dare to take the holy name of friendship on their lips. We dare say there is not in the British Museum, a more curious bundle of letters than those in which the "poor unfortunate, faithful Morley" pours her protestations of undying love into the ear of her "dearest Mrs. Freeman." Nothing in conjugal love could be tenderer or more jealous of its object.

But when we come to Lady Churchill, the illusion fails. That clear, cold, calculating nature, which the idolatrous love of a brave husband had lightly touched, would not be likely to respond to the ardent sentiments of her royal friend. It was not Damon and Pythias repeated, but Circe and her victim.

On the birth of Lady Sarah's first child, Henrietta, the absent father wrote that "he would have her be like her mother in all things,"—the old lover enthusiasm in full force yet. We shall develop, by-and-by, the maternal character of our heroine, but at present its duties seem to sit lightly upon her, for she says of this period, "that she never read nor employed her time in any thing but playing cards." Add intrigue, dress, and etiquette, and we have the programme of her life.

In 1688, Lady Churchill's name first becomes historic. Among the calamities which closed in quick, sharp succession around the heart of the desolate James, it was given to servants whom he had loaded with favors, to prepare the last benumbing stroke. "God help me! my own children have forsaken me," cried the old man, when he learned that Anne, his best-beloved daughter had left him. Like another king left by his own begotten to endure "the tyranny of the open night" on the storm-pelted heath he might have exclaimed,

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!"

Whatever grievances the nation might plead against their prince, Anne, the cherished daughter, had none, and her

desertion of him in sorrow will ever lie hard on her memory.

But in this most important, as in the most trivial act of her life, she was guided wholly by the Churchills. By their advice she had made her secret submission to William, and, to cover their flight, she eagerly consented to desert the falling fortunes of her father. At dead of night, the Princess and Lady Sarah, in disguise, slipped softly down the back stairs of the palace, and crept through the silent streets to a hackney-coach, where they found the Bishop of London and the splendid Dorset waiting to guard their retreat. The next night, when James returned desponding from Salisbury to find his halls empty, and his hearth-stone rifled, the fugitives were far on their way to the northern insurgents.

At Chatsworth, the magnificent seat of the Earl of Devonshire, they found hospitable entertainment. On the first night after their arrival, Colley Cibber, then a youth, stood behind Lady Sarah's chair at supper. Fifty years after, he thus glowingly records the impression her beauty made upon him: "Being so near the table, you may naturally ask me what I might have heard to have passed in conversation at it, which I should certainly tell you, had I attended to above two words, and those were, '*some wine and water.*' These, as I remember, came distinguished to my ear, because they came from the fair guest whom I took such pleasure to wait on. Except at that single sound, all my senses were collected into my eyes, which, during the whole entertainment, wanted no better amusement than that of stealing now and then the delight of gazing on the fair object so near me. If so clear an emanation of beauty, such a commanding grace of aspect, struck me into a regard that had something softer than the most profound respect in it, I can not see why I may not, without offence, remember it, since beauty, like the sun, must sometimes lose its power to choose, and shine into equal warmth the peasant and the courtier."

Two months after Queen Maria Beatrix the young and beautiful stepmother

of Anne, with her babe in her arms, made that bitter night-voyage down the Thames, with the tears and the pitiless rain coursing, mingled, down her cheeks, a more fortunate successor took possession of her deserted apartments. The virtues of Mary of Orange have been so splendidly eulogized by Macauley, that it is curious to look at her through disenchanted eyes. "I was one of those," says Lady Churchill, "who had the honor to wait upon her (the Queen) to her own apartments. She ran about, looking into every closet, and convenience, and turning up the quilts upon the bed, as people do when they come into an inn, and with no other sort of concern in her appearance but such as they express; a behavior which, though at that time I was extremely caressed by her, I thought very strange and unbecoming. For whatever necessity there was for deposing King James, he was still her father, who had been so lately driven from that chamber and from that bed; and if she felt no tenderness, I thought she should at least have looked grave, or even pensively sad, at so melancholy a reverse of his fortune."

Soon after the inauguration of the new regime, Lord Churchill was, in consideration of his signal services, created Earl of Marlborough, and his wife took the title of Countess. The good understanding between William and his powerful subject did not long continue. Marlborough had learned the trade of treason too well; the stealthy longing glances which he cast toward his old master, did not escape the new. A correspondence with St. Germain was discovered, and the Earl dismissed from office.

But how to get rid of the Countess, whose influence over Anne, the heir-presumptive to the crown, was becoming every day more formidable, was a nicer question. That lady, whose delicacy never defrauded her interests, was not apt to take hints, and, standing as she did, "next in the succession," Anne being a mere puppet in her hands, she was loth to quit her post. Mrs. Morley on her part stuck bravely to her friend. To live without her "dearest Mrs. Freeman"

was not to be thought of. A crust and pitcher of water were endurable—separation never. It is evident that Anne would have made an excellent martyr. Give her an apartment in the Tower, and her endurance would have risen to a sublime exaltation. In her long life the nearest approach she made to heroism was in the self-sacrificing, immovable fidelity with which she clung to her friend. “I swear,” she writes, “I would live on bread and water between four walls, with her (Mrs. Freeman), without repining, for as long as you continue kind, nothing can ever be a real mortification to your faithful Mrs. Morley, who wishes she may never enjoy a moment’s happiness in this world, or in the next, if ever she proves false to you.” Years after, the favorite had it in her power to remind her mistress of this malediction, with an inference not very consolatory.

Since neither tears nor entreaties would move their majesties to rescind Lady Marlborough’s “notice to quit,” the Princess retired with her to “Sion House,” several miles from London. The quarrels of these royal sisters, very decorous, but very bitter, continued to be the court gossip till the grave closed so suddenly and so heart-rendingly on the beautiful Queen. Of these strifes Lady Marlborough was the animus as she was the cause. She gloried in a “good fight.” No motives of delicacy or kindness could hinder her “tumbling out her mind,” to use her own expression, as she listed. But her temper was not yet full grown. The world called her a mettlesome, spirited woman, somewhat too free and audacious in speech, but quite too much the *ton* to be seriously reprobated;—grown gray, and out of fashion, the same Sarah was a vixen, a tigress, “old Marlborough.”

It would scarcely be thought, from the small figure they make in her history, that our heroine was now the mother of five children—one son and four daughters. Such a woman could not be a *fond* or *indulgent* parent. She sought to rule them with a high hand, as she did her Queen, relaxing not a jot when they were grown and settled in life; and as some

of them happened to be as spirited as herself, she was constantly embroiled with them, as we shall see presently. Probably she knew little of domestic life—a *home* was not in the inventory of her estate. But when her children approached marriageable age, her “care of them flourished” marvelously. Nor did it need much diplomatism to “settle” such daughters—all beauties of the first water, all accomplished, all portioned by the generous Anne, all amiable, *i. e.*, with tempers undeveloped or conchanted, folded like a tiger’s claws in velvet. The eldest, Henrietta, married Lord Rialton, son of the Earl of Godolphin, and lived to enact upon the gray hairs of her mother every thing that had been unamiable in her own life. Anne, countess of Sunderland, died young. She was especially endeared to both parents by the loveliness of her character. Elizabeth, still more fascinating than her sisters, married the Duke of Bridgewater. If her epitaph speaks truly, she was the “admirable Crichton” of women. “Happy,” says that veracious chronicler, “her lord in such a wife, happy her children in such a mother, happy her servants that duly attended upon her. Being arrived at the highest pitch of worldly felicity, in full enjoyment of tenderest love and esteem of her entirely beloved husband, universally admired and spoken of for every good quality.” Mary, the youngest of these daughters, Pope’s “Angel Duchess,” became the wife of the Duke of Montague. She also *had a temper*, as her mother found to her cost. Speaking of this child, the Duke of Marlborough once said to his wife, “I wonder you can not agree, you are so much alike.”

Surrounded by these charming daughters, Lady Sarah did not suffer in comparison. She was still in the prime of her wonderful beauty, her hair unchanged and luxuriant, her complexion retaining its purity and lustre; growing old only in the deepening of those scornful and imperious lines about the brow, of which Horace Walpole speaks.

On the 8th of March, 1702, at 5 o’clock in the afternoon, a solemn mourning was proclaimed throughout England; the

gallant William was no more. Two days after, Queen Anne, clad in mourning robes of purple, went in state to the House of Lords and made her first speech from the throne, speaking, says Burnet, "with great weight and authority, and with a softness of voice and sweetness in the pronunciation that added much life to all that she spoke."

The Countess was now a person of the first consideration. To stand next the Queen, nearer even than the proud Duke of Somerset, who would not allow his wife the liberty of familiarly tapping his august shoulder with her fan; to be the channel for all favor, place, and patronage; to have the freedom of the royal closet and the royal ear; to wield all the functions of sovereignty, while her mistress wore its robes—such had been her dream, and such proved the splendid reality.

While the busy favorite was engaged settling the Queen's household, arranging her cabinet, and giving her assistance to her majesty's government generally, tormenting her ministers by meddling, prying interference, preferring her relatives to all the lucrative offices, and accepting bribes, till Parliament put a stop to it, her truly illustrious husband was on the continent, at the head of the allied armies, achieving those victories which gave him rank with the first commanders of any age, and made the reign of his Queen the most fortunate in the annals of his country. Victory followed his standard, till England grew tired of bonfires and rejoicing. Anne made him a Prince of the realm, and Parliament voted him a palace more than regal.

One would have supposed that this Duchess, sated with power, burdened with wealth, and covered with titles, would gladly have laid aside her intrigues when the conquering lord came home, and retired from a station which could offer her nothing more. Such would seem to have been her husband's desire. Even when abroad, mapping out campaigns, investing towns, and harassed with the distracting counsels of a triple league, such passages as this are constantly recurring in his letters to her,

"The greatest ease I now have is sometimes sitting for an hour in my chair alone, and thinking of the happiness I may yet have of living quietly with you, which is the greatest I propose to myself in the world;" again, fatigued with the recital of her mortifications, "I had rather the whole world should go wrong than you should be uneasy, for the quiet of my life depends only on your kindness. I beg you to believe that you are dearer to me than all things in the world." The warp and woof of the Duchess' letters was made up of vituperation against her enemies, and reasons for being a Whig (the Duke was a Tory), with here and there, like a thread of gold, a kind and tender passage, which gladdened his heart for many a day. And when he came home from camp for a little holiday, thinking to withdraw his beautiful Sarah to some retreat where he might forget the chagrins of power, he was treated from morning till night with the impertinences of bed-chamber women and the baseness of political minions. Once, at least, he was detained from a campaign to settle the quarrels of the women about court, all of which was as distasteful as possible to John of Marlborough.

And yet this singular woman had some fine traits. She was proud of her husband, jealous and careful of his honor, and true to her marriage vow, a *virtue* as she was placed. No subject ever was so honest with a sovereign. She disdained to cajole Anne, or pay her, compliments, and even in her disgrace she descended to no mean tricks. Venal she undoubtedly was, selling office to the man who would pay best, but she scorned to steal from the mistress that trusted her, though she managed her purse for more than a score of years. She was called niggardly, but she would haggle as long to save a sixpence to the Queen as to herself; certainly a very uncomfortable woman among milliners, hairdressers, and court purveyors generally, mousing among their swollen account-computing them by her own curious arithmetic, and bringing them out right to the fraction of a shilling. No politica

suitors who thought to prosper approached her with honeyed phrase or knee-worship. Lord Halifax, when he laid his courtly verses at her feet, little understood this shrewd prosaic woman, who left her husband's biographers five hundred pounds, provided not a line of the book was in verse.

While her grace was at the zenith of her power, gathering into her strong box blazoned parchments, title deeds, stock certificates, ribbons and garters, the lad who was to inherit all this pelf was quietly pursuing his studies at Cambridge. This only son seems to have justified thus far the great hopes reposed in him. With the noble beauty of both parents, he had a strong mind, modesty, studiousness, and correct habits. "I assure you," writes Godolphin to his mother, "without flattery or partiality, that he is not only the best natured and most agreeable, but the most free-thinking and reasonable creature that one can imagine, for his age." When seventeen years old this son of hope was seized with small pox. Vaccination was then unknown. Only a few years later Lady Montague brought her boon of healing from Turkey, but as yet this terrible plague mocked skill and rioted alike on the flesh of a queen, a prince, or a peasant.

The Duchess was soon by the bedside of her son; for the time she put the world behind her, and all the mother shone out. The Queen sent down her own physicians, and wrote the tenderest letters; the Duke hastened over from Holland, but only to see his son expire.

Upon the father this overwhelming stroke was most salutary. It mellowed his heart, chastened his too eager ambition, and made him turn for healing to God and heaven. The mother, too, was at first subdued by her sorrow, made more tender, more womanly, and brought into a truer sympathy with her husband. But affliction ever troubled only the surface of that hard, worldly nature, and gradually she returned to the world with her muck-rake, to gather pelf for she knew not whom.

To outward appearances her grace still rode on the crest of favor, but in truth

she had long since begun to tread the down-hill steep. The Queen's regards were slowly drifting from their moorings. Still she kept up all the forms of friendship, though the unction of its first love was gone. Meddlers were not wanting to insinuate that her grace carried herself quite too loftily; that Anne was a mere puppet in her hands—an imputation under which she winced, though she had borne the fact these twenty years. Conscious of the estrangement, Sarah grew querulous, and only hastened what she dreaded.

What was her indignation to find one day that her cousin, whom she had found in poverty, and raised to a position at court, had crept silently and stealthily between her and her mistress, lifting herself up like Uriah Heep, by her "umbleness," till she had grown so stable in the Queen's grace as to defy the favorite of thirty years. This artful Mrs. Masham had been for years sapping and mining the royal heart, slipping out of closets by one door when her imperious cousin tapped at the other, bringing up back-stair politicians whom Sarah would have disdained to touch with the tip of her glove, and in all respects reversing the behavior of her predecessor.

But Lady Marlborough was not to be vanquished without a tilt with her foe, and there succeeded among these high belligerents a running fight of many years' duration, the valiant Sarah occasionally gathering up her forces for a pitched battle, in which she was generally worsted, the Queen, in accordance with the Masham tactics, always keeping under cover. These must have been curious interviews—the angry Sarah demanding to know her offence, Anne quaking before her formidable catechist, and making some vague, curt reply. Sarah proceeding to justify herself, Anne repeating at intervals her first sullen formulae, not daring to trust herself further, and at last retreating. Sarah following and hurling in her last sentences before the door closes. But eventually the "umbleness" of Masham triumphed, and the court life of Lady Marlborough ended.

In 1716, on the death of her favorite

daughter, Anne, her grace wrote a letter, full of real sensibility, to the bereaved husband. One little gleam of sentiment we quote:

"I desire, when it is easy to you, that you will let me have some little trifle that my dear child used to wear in her pocket or any other way; and I desire Fanchin will look for some little cup that she used to drink in." A *little* pencil of light, truly, but illumining many hard, rugged outlines, and much dark background of life.

The Duchess had now reached an age when changes are only marked by deaths. Two sons and two daughters were in the grave; Anne was gone—a foreign king sat on the throne who knew not Sarah. With her two surviving daughters she was at open war. The only being on earth who truly loved her was her husband. Embittered as his whole life had been by her temper, she must have had some endearing qualities to have kept his affections warm to the last. This only tie was broken by death in 1722. The Duke had been suffering from palsy for several years, much broken in body and mind. His wife nursed him with such exemplary tenderness that he thought fit to increase his already munificent bequests to her, "because she had been very tender and careful of him, and had great trouble with him during his illness." He died with the composure and resignation of a man at peace with his Maker, and when the beautiful funeral service of the church was recited over his coffin, the King and princes of the realm standing with uncovered heads, there was nothing of mockery in the solemn words.

Her grace was a sincere mourner. Often with tears she would recount some affecting proof of the love he bore her—a love such as few women ever inspired, and doubtless many poignant regrets mingled with her softer emotions. In the Duke's private cabinet, among his choicest mementoes, she found some of her own beautiful tresses which she had once cut off in a moment of resentment, and placed, to vex him, in his chamber.

She told the story to Lady Montague with many tears.

The Dowager Duchess was now sixty-two years old, still fair, with excellent health, an immense estate, sumptuous palaces, plate, pictures, and diamonds of uncounted value, and *not a friend on earth!* Her grandchildren took up the quarrel of their parents, and of those who seemed likely to comfort her old age, not one survived her. All softening influences being thus withdrawn, her passions grew every year more violent. "Three furies," said Swift, "reigned in her breast—sordid avarice, disdainful pride, and ungovernable rage." She was not above the childish meanness of blackening the portrait of a granddaughter who had angered her, and hanging it in her drawing-room with this label—"She is blacker within." Once she went into court and plead her own cause against a grandson with whom she was at strife. She was continually adding estate to estate, going to London when she was just eighty to bid at auctions, when she had not an heir, whom she cared to enrich a farthing. She would lay plots to recover a few yards of satin wrongfully kept by her dressmaker, and dispute the price of a bushel of lime, though many such meannesses arose as much from a native sense of rectitude and dislike of being imposed upon, as from mere sordid motives.

The Duchess lived to be very old and to feel all the disquietudes attendant on age, without any of its heaven-given solaces. Horace Walpole tells a story about her which, whether true or not, is characteristic:—"Old Marlborough is dying, but who can tell? Last year she had lain a great while ill without speaking; her physicians said she must be blistered, or she would die. She called out—'I won't be blistered, and I won't die.' If she takes the same resolution now, I don't believe she will." Averse to company, shut up in her apartment, she was fain to amuse herself with the eight tunes of her chamber organ and the caresses of her three dogs, who she imagined were less hollow-hearted than her friends.

But, although her body was swathed in flannels, her faculties retained all their keenness, and she was able, in her eighty-second year to write an extended vindication of her course while in power, which was published, and recalled the decayed lady for a little space to the memory of a world at which her palsied hands still clutched.

She died at Marlborough House, October 18, 1744. Of her last hours we know nothing. There were no tender, serene, sunset pictures drawn from that scene to be lovingly treasured and bequeathed to children's children. Poor, poor woman! Disgusted with life, and making haste to travel out of it, since millions of gold could not buy one small drop of comfort to moisten her dying lips, and yet looking forward to the hereafter with no immortal longings—no hopes of blessed reunion—but only with the dreary consolation that there "one shall never hear more of any thing they do in this world!" Who so poor, so utterly unhappy, that they would change places now with my Lady Marlborough?

With different emotions do we contemplate her character and that of Lady Russell, her early cotemporary:—the one morose, petulant, joyless, unloved; the other separated, indeed, from all the gayeties of life by one agonizing memory, but passing her remaining years in serious, tranquil retirement, loved, admired, and revered by the whole nation.

THE ORIGIN OF DIMPLES.

BY HELEN L. BOSTWICK.

My mischief-loving maiden Bell!
Sit here and listen while I tell,—
Awhile your saucy tongue to tame—
A pretty tale without a name,
Save this, of "How the Dimples Came."

A merry girl, the story goes,
With eyes of violet, cheeks of rose,
One day, with feet that noiseless stept,
Behind her lover, tiptoe crept;
And peep'd, with many a bow and bend,
While he, all unsuspecting, penn'd
A timorous sonnet to the maid,
Which doubted, hoped, despair'd, and pray'd.
She peep'd, and read, too pleased by half,

And smiled, and smiled, but durst not laugh;
And so a strange event occur'd;
It happen'd thus, as I have heard:
The dainty mouth, too small, I doubt,
To let so much of smiling out,
Became a prison most secure,
And held the lovely legions sure.
Wearied, at length, of durance vile,
Impatient grew each captive smile;
Still, fain some outlet new to seek,
They wreathed and coil'd in either cheek,
Still at the ruby portals fast,
Vainly sought exit, and at last
Grown desperate, so the story closes,
Cleft a new passage through the roses!

Love's kiss half heal'd the tender narm,
And gave the wound its dearest charm;
Since not unthankful, Beauty keeps
Her cheek less sacred than her lips,
And while they smile their prudent "No,"
So fair the deepening dimples show,
That Love, reminded of his claim,
May take the guerdon without blame:
And this is How the Dimples Came.

MIDNIGHT HYMN.

"At midnight I will rise to give thanks unto thee,
because of thy righteous judgments."—Ps. cxix. 62.

In the mid silence of the voiceless night,
When, chased by airy dreams, the slumbers
flee;
Whom, in the darkness, doth my spirit seek,
O God, but thee?

And, if there be a weight upon my breast,
Some vague impression of the day foregone,
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to thee,
And lay it down.

Or, if it be the heaviness that comes
In token of anticipated ill,
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,
Since 'tis thy will.

For Oh, in spite of past or present care,
Or any thing beside,—how joyfully
Passes that silent, solitary hour,
My God with thee!

More tranquil than the stillness of the night,
More peaceful than the silence of that hour,
More blest than any thing, my bosom lies
Beneath thy power.

For, what is there on earth, that I desire,
Of all that it can give, or take from me?
Or whom, in heaven, doth my spirit seek,
O God, but thee?

THE YOUNG MAN'S GHOST.

BY GRACE LORETTE.

"IT is too lonely here for endurance. I mean to run away if papa remains in this haunted old house much longer. It's only two o'clock, and he'll not be back before six."

"Why don't you go out in the garden, child, and look after your dahlias? I'm afraid the frost nipped them last night. And then there's the book your father brought you yesterday; and your sewing—"

"Fie on the sewing, nurse! you know I don't like to sew; and I'm sure there's no necessity for it. The garden's pretty enough, only I'm tired of it. I've never been used to such a solitary, forlorn old place as this, and it gives me the headache."

"It's not much like madame's boarding-school, I suppose, but it's a great deal better to my mind. I think it's the very best place this side of heaven, Miss Marion, and I suspects your father thinks so too. 'Twas here your sweet mother grewed up and was married; and 'twas here, too, alas! that she faded and died, after that ugly cold she took, when you were only a creeping baby."

"Was I ever a 'creeping baby,' nurse? I suppose I must have been, in the natural course of human events, but I do not believe I've a realizing sense of it;" and Marion laughed, her beautiful face losing its expression of weariness. She was but a child, and even the allusion to the mother whom she could not recall, did not sadden her, except for an instant.

Three months before, at the age of sixteen, she had left Madame's Finishing School, an intelligent and accomplished girl, but in reality more of a child than many of her sex at twelve; for she possessed one of those loving and innocent souls from which every thing impure or unwelcome rolls off as from the polished leaves of a lily. The idle and not always harmless gossip of school-girls, drifted through her mind like feathered seed, without ever dropping and taking root. She came back to the heart of her adoring father and her affectionate old

nurse, the same sweet, simple, lovely child that she went away.

"Yes! and the purtiest baby that ever lived to grow up, all the neighborhood said," answered her companion, looking up at her fondly over her spectacles, and letting her half-darned stocking drop into her lap. "Your hair curled around your head like a little garland of gold, and your shoulders were whiter than your frock; and then you had the *loveliest* clothes! many of them your own dear mamma embroidered and made with her own hands, and three of your long robes, all trimmed over with Honiton lace, came as a present from some relatives in England. They're all locked up and put away now, your caps and shoes and all, in the drawers of that little bureau that stands opposite the large one in your mamma's room. I keep the keys of that room and those bureaus myself, when your papa's away, my dear. I'd rather robbers would take any thing else, than the things in *that* room—far rather they'd make way with the plate-chest at once."

"And have you got the keys now, nursie?"

"To be sure, my dear, right here on this steel chain."

"Give them to me, nurse, that's a good woman. I'd like to look at my baby dresses—it will be so curious! Ah, I'll be careful. You need not look so doubtful. See, it will be nearly four hours before papa returns, and here I've nothing in the world to do to pass away the interval. I shall perish of extreme old age, long before six o'clock, if I don't have something to make the time seem less endless."

"What a silly tease you are, child; trying to make me laugh. Take the keys, and be *very* kerful. This little brass one, this one, see! is the one you want for the bureau, and this unlocks the door."

Marion snatched the keys, and holding them up triumphantly in her dimpled hand, ran out of the room, leaving it, as it were, in shadow, with only the gray old attendant sitting there, withered and sere, while herself, like the sunshine, fled away in brightness.

All the remainder of that sunny September afternoon she kept herself away; but just as her father stepped upon the porch below, upon his return by the six o'clock train, he was startled by a scream, and presently Marion came flying down the stairs, with something in her arms, he could not tell what, which she let fall in the entrance, as she ran. She paused when she saw her father, and a vivid blush broke over the paleness of her face; she came to him and gave him his evening kiss, in a very hysterical manner, laughing, but hardly able to keep from tears.

"Was that you who screamed out, just now, Marion?"

"Yes, father."

"What was the matter, my dear child?"

"I was frightened."

"What frightened you?"

For a moment she hesitated, and then an arch smile banished the last trace of her confusion.

"Well, papa, I saw my future husband."

Her father looked at the laughing countenance in perplexity.

"You see, papa, nurse allowed me to pay a visit to my baby wardrobe; and I had been a long time in the east chamber, rummaging the drawers, looking over the reminiscences of my past self, and whiling away the time until you should come home. For, dear papa, it's *dreadfully* lonely when you are away! I was wondering if it were not yet six o'clock, and had turned to look out in the hall at the great clock, when what should I see, as plainly as I see you now, sitting on the edge of the bed, between the parted curtains, but a living man, a stranger—or, so he seemed to me, but I really believe it was a ghost, father—and the instant my eyes met his, he spoke——"

"And what did he say?"

"He said, 'Marion! behold your future husband!' in a clear, pleasant voice, and then he vanished."

"Indeed! a pretty ghost to appear to a young lady of sixteen. I did not think you were so silly, child."

"Oh, papa! as sure as I am a living girl, I was not thinking of lovers or husbands. I hadn't said over any mys-

terious spells, thrown any apple-peelings, said my words backwards, or used any of the conjuring arts," and Marion laughed at her own earnestness. "I had been amusing myself with a very childish play—dressing a doll, in fact, and here it is now," and she gathered from the floor the bundle she had dropped, which proved to be an immense wax doll, a relic of her nursery, which she had been engaged in clothing in her own carefully preserved baby finery.

"Well, what did the ghost look like? Was it so repelling that the idea of its being your future husband frightened that scream out of your mouth—eh, miss?"

"On the contrary, it appeared like a very—well, papa, it was young and pleasant-spoken—positively handsome, to tell the truth. I didn't have time, of course, to remark the color of the hair and eyes, as I ran away as hard as I could; but it was a very agreeable, elegant, graceful, good-looking ghost—and it appeared so very much like a living human being, that I could almost have——"

"Gone up to it and put your arms about its neck?"

"Oh, papa, pray don't tease me."

"Then it was *you* who disappeared, and not the ghost, after all! Perhaps we could find it, if we should return to the chamber."

"Well, to tell the truth, I was so startled, I could not affirm which disappeared first. Oh, papa! don't! don't go! I wouldn't go for the world. I am *sure* it was a ghost. Please come back!" entreated the pretty girl, clinging to his arm, but following him all the time, and finally entering with him the haunted chamber, her face eager with curiosity.

"There's nothing wrong here," exclaimed Mr. Montgomery, after a searching glance about the apartment.

"But just look at the bed," almost screamed Marion; and certainly the high old-fashioned feather mattress, covered with a somewhat faded blue silk counterpane, presented very much the appearance of having been sat upon quite recently.

"Didn't I tell you, papa! it was sitting just there."

"*It!* it must have been a very material ghost, to have made so deep an impression," grumbled her companion. "Very likely it's a robber, who took that way to throw you off your guard," and he looked under the bed and behind the curtains, and then more carefully examined the contents of the drawers, etc.

"It was no robber—he was too noble-looking, too handsome to be a thief, papa!" exclaimed Marion indignantly.

The next moment she blushed beneath his quizzical look.

"There's nothing missing at all events," said he, as he restored a pearl necklace to its casket, which Marion had been trying on, and had left carelessly upon the bureau.

Having put the room in order, and divested the wax doll of its unaccustomed robes, the two descended to the parlor, having first locked up the chamber.

The bell rang for tea, and they proceeded at once to the tea-room, without entering the parlor. Marion was very thoughtful, eating but little.

"Father, do you believe in love at first sight?" she asked, as she handed him his last cup.

He answered her with another quizzical stare.

"Is my little girl's head turned? Has nurse been telling you some of her marvelous tales, or have you been reading novels?" was the reply he made, after a time.

Marion blushed, and was silent.

It was twilight, when, leaving the tea-room, where her father was yet engaged with the evening paper, she flitted into the rose-scented, shadowy parlor.

Another scream! so sharp that Mr. Montgomery dropped his paper and hurried after his child, to meet her at the door, where she flung herself into his arms, sobbing.

"The ghost—oh, father!"

Looking around, he saw a man occupying the sofa. Advancing in a towering passion to collar the offender, he suddenly paused, and burst into a merry laugh.

"Well, Harry; so it is *you*, is it?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Montgomery, most sincerely. I did not intend to

frighten Miss Marion, but you know my innate wickedness. I came, this afternoon, by your kind request, to make your daughter's acquaintance, and was directed by good Mrs. Binns to the chamber above, through some mistake, I suppose; or through her knowing the friendship by which you honor me. Well, I saw Miss Marion several moments before she perceived me; and it did not take me half that time to make up my mind to do my best, by fair means and foul, to win the prize which you, sir, have so often assured me was mine, provided I could obtain it. Believing in the power of first impressions, I boldly asserted what I hoped might some time be. But," and the dark eyes of the youth turned so half-regretfully, wholly-admiringly upon the blushing countenance of Marion that her own fell, "I am afraid it was but a foolish and unsuccessful venture; and I humbly entreat pardon for the alarm I caused."

"Probably she is not so much frightened but that she will recover her equanimity soon," said Mr. Montgomery, roguishly. "What was that you was asking me at the table, Marion, about—"

"Now, papa, please be quiet, or I never will forgive you."

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"**E**XCUSE me, if I decline; my mother would not like me to do it."

The words were uttered in a railway car, while we were waiting at a station for the locomotive's supply of wood and water for the next fifty miles.

One young man had said to his companion, in a jovial sort of way, "Come, John, let's into the saloon and take a friendly glass of wine! It will shorten the tediousness of waiting."

"Excuse me, if I decline," was the reply; "my mother would not like me to do it."

The tones of the speaker were singularly rich and clear, and I turned about in my seat to obtain a view of the face of one who honored the wishes of his

mother. He was a handsome, frank young fellow of twenty five or six years; and his noble, manly bearing, stamped him at once one of God's true gentlemen.

Involuntarily, I addressed him before I realized that he might deem my question an uncivil interference with what did not concern me.

"And why would she object to so common a thing as the drinking of a glass of wine?"

He smiled; probably at the abruptness of my speech, and I hastened to apologize.

"No apology is needed," he said, courteously. "I am rather pleased, than offended, that my old-fashioned reason for declining a social glass, should aim upon the attention of a stranger so strongly as to induce remark. You are surprised that I refuse a seemingly innocent request—you think my reason for so doing a curious one, to say the least, and you wish to know why my mother should be thus prejudiced against this fashionable method of killing weary hours! There is a little story connected with my hatred and avoidance of all intoxicating liquors; would you like to hear it?"

I hastened to assure him that nothing could be more in accordance with my wishes. He took the vacant seat by my side, and commenced.

"Ten years ago, in a thriving village in the State of Maine, William Fairfax resided with his family. A wife and three children gladdened his home; and well might that home be called a happy one. Taste and wealth had done all that their refining influence could do, to beautify the house and adorn the grounds; and from the rural loveliness of the place, the Fairfax estate had come to be designated as 'Pleasantwood.' The beautiful river Saco swept the outskirts of the farm; and far to the west the White Mountains of New Hampshire lifted up their hoary brows against the sunset.

"Peace dwelt under that roof-tree; and Virtue and Truth folded their bright wings, in content, on the hearth-stone. But the spoiler came! George, the eldest son, a handsome, intelligent youth, was seized with a mania for city life.

His parents, knowing full well the trials which would assail him in the metropolis, reasoned and plead with him to induce him to renounce the idea. But he was young and enthusiastic; he felt himself strong to resist temptation; he was sure the enticing wiles of bad company could have no influence over him. Alas! this very self-confidence wrought his ruin! Because deeming himself secure, he became an easy victim. His boarding-place was at the house of his employer, who was a fashionable man of the world, and on whose table wine was an indispensable requisite. It was fashionable; the *beau monde* sanctioned it at the *dessert*; and George, to avoid being called odd and puritanical, drank with the rest.

"At first to escape ridicule—afterward, from an unsatiable yearning after the accursed poison. What need of prolonging the story? He died in a pot-house—a victim of *delirium tremens*.

"It was a terrible blow to his parents; and for a time it seemed as if the mother's heart must break beneath the violence of the stroke.

"Henry, the second son, was the flower of the family. There was not a finer-looking fellow in the State of Maine; and thanks to the provident care of his father, his education enabled him to vie with the most polished literary men of the day. He evinced poetical talents of no common order; and life, crowned and glowing with fame and honor, opened before him. He was possessed of a fascinating address, and when twenty-three years of age, he met and loved Angela Montford, the beautiful daughter of a Boston merchant, who was sojourning for the summer in the pretty village a half mile below 'Pleasantwood.' Angela was a belle and a coquette; but she was amiable, charming in person, and cultivated in mind. Henry loved her with the whole strength and passion of his nature, and she warmly returned the attachment.

"At the close of the young lady's stay in C—, they were engaged, with the full consent of their relatives; and early in the winter Henry went, by invitation,

to Boston, to visit his affianced bride. Her soft blandishments, her sweet smile, and thousand nameless graces, made him more completely her slave with every passing day. From childhood, Angela had been accustomed to having her will regarded as law, and her love of power and sway was obsolete. Henry of necessity came often within the scope of that power, and royally did she rejoice in conquering his scruples, in controverting his opinions, and binding him down to the support of the little empire which she established over her friends.

"I will do her the justice to say that from my heart I believe she had no sinister motive in this doing; it was only the working of an autocrat will, a queen's love of rule.

"According to the popular custom, Mr. Montford's table was supplied with the tempting goblets, and again and again was Henry Fairfax pressed to drink to the health of his beautiful *fiancee*. But remembering his brother George, he refused as often as the invitation was extended.

"One day Angela renewed the attack upon him; she ridiculed his excuses, and resorted to every blandishment in her power to induce him to yield. She coaxed, pouted, and threatened, by turns. At last, she accused him of want of love for her, in declining to do so slight a thing as drink to her health; and in a luckless moment, forsaken by his good angel, Henry forgot every thing but the witchery in her eye, and drank from the glass, already—to him—sanctified by the touch of her lips.

"Alas! for the failing resolution! Alas! for the weak heart! Alas! for the mother who at home prayed every day so earnestly, for the well-being of her son! He had taken the first step—tempted to it by one dearer to him than his own life! He could not turn back! The fatal spell was upon him; he was powerless in the arms of the conqueror!

"And now, Angela saw with horrified dismay the precipice to which she had unthinkingly led him, and wild with anguish and remorse, she strove to draw him back. She went down on her

knees to him; she besought him by all the eloquence in her soul to forgive her sin; to turn and escape! Her words were wasted; they were like pebbles thrown against the east wind. The die was cast—there could be no commutation.

"To-day, Henry Fairfax fills a drunkard's grave, and Angela Montford is the inmate of a lunatic asylum!

"The gray-haired father of the unhappy young man was borne to the tomb, through grief for his son's course; and of that once happy family only the bereaved widow and younger son remain! And he, over the cold resting-place of his lost kindred, took a solemn vow never to taste a drop of the red plague while life was left him! God helping him, he will be true to the promise!

"Madam, you see before you John Fairfax! Was he blamable just now, for declining a friend's invitation to partake of the same poison which murdered his brothers, sent his father sorrowing to the grave, and made his mother a life-mourner?"

I thanked my companion cordially for the story, and when he had left me, and returned to his former seat, the memory of his words lingered long in my mind.

"My mother would not wish me to do it."

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

BY THE LATE ROBERT T. CONRAD.

[From an unpublished MS.]

Where, where is He? Thus spake the sages
Who sought their Saviour from afar;
The King—the God—the Rock of Ages,
Who hither led us with his star?

Where is the King? But, star-forsaken
They search'd the palace halls in vain;
That Star of Hope its light was breaking
O'er a low hut on Bethlehem's plain.

They saw—rejoiced—and knelt before him;
And was it strange that thus they bow'd?—
When God's own Star was beaming o'er him,
And angel anthems hymn'd aloud?

"To God be Glory?" Spirit voices,
In heaven attuned, now thrill the earth;
"And peace to man;" thus heaven rejoices
Over the Man-God's humble birth.

Joy! For the faithful shall not perish!
Christ lives to save, died to atone;
But let this truth each bosom cherish:
He saves the pure in heart alone!

PLAIN TALK WITH MARRIED LADIES.

BY DR. J. K. FRANCIS.

FIRST PAPER.

I PROPOSE to address you familiarly, my dear ladies, upon the following subjects:

- 1st. Mutual Duties.
- 2d. Relations with Kindred.
- 3d. Relations with Society.
- 4th. How to Order a Home.
- 5th. Intellectual Progression.
- 6th. Every-day Christianity.
- 7th. Responsibilities of Parentage.
- 8th. Peculiar Cares of Infancy.
- 9th. How to commence the Infant's Education.
- 10th. The Growth of Character in Children.
- 11th. What you owe your sons.
- 12th. What you owe your daughters.

Let me at once remove any suspicion from your minds that I am about to inflict upon you a repetition of the thousand and one tiresome homilies to which your sex is repeatedly called to listen, the whole meaning of which is that you shall be sufficiently obedient, and humble, and overpoweringly grateful to your husbands for the favor they have done you in making you their wives. I shall talk only of *mutual* duties, as I have no belief in any other. But, even in relations that are quite mutual, one may take the precedence by virtue of some peculiar circumstances; and thus, in the marriage relation, the husband, by reason of his superior advantages of sex, age, strength, business ability, and acquaintance with the world, takes precedence. From him *should* emanate those ideas, and from him *should* come those acts of generosity, protection, and tenderness, which could not fail to make your return of duty easy and delightful. This, however, is not always the case, and where it is not, there is inevitable sorrow, if not discord and alienation.

It has been, through long times past, too much the fashion to separate the moral and the intellectual, and to require of your sex *only* the moral, and of the man *only* the intellectual. This distinction I reject, as not founded on Christianity,

neither upon nature; but as having originated in the same manner that all other wrong and oppressive ideas have originated—in the convenience of the stronger party.

The keeping of all intellectual gifts was arrogated by man, and with these he pretended, and still continues to pretend, to be fully occupied. The virtues were handed over to woman to be taken care of; and, however slightly man has held his share of the divided treasures, he has always insisted that woman should be particularly careful of hers. I do not object in the least to this requirement on his part, but I might suggest that a more equal distribution of good gifts would mend our human condition; and that should man ask for the restoration of half the virtues, and return to woman a portion of her intellectual endowments, the great discrepancy now existing between the mental and moral exaltation of these two halves of one whole, would be shortened.

It is not so difficult often to be in the practice of patience, cheerfulness, kindness, and every other Christian quality, as it is *to suffer the being required to be so*, by a party *not* practicing these virtues. That is why, I say, a husband should make it easy for his wife, by setting the example; just as she in her turn exercises all these qualities for the benefit of her children, or any other members of the household whose happiness depends on her.

You will not be surprised that I speak more often of what should be, than what is; because if what is were right, there would be no need of speaking at all. A great French writer has said that "marriage is confession. The union of two hearts begins in this, that they tell every thing to each other;" and I would counsel you to that kind of confession from the beginning, inasmuch as I know that a great many misunderstandings arise between married lovers where one *supposes* the other to entertain some thought or feeling quite foreign to the truth. The more we love, the more jealous we are of these suspected thoughts and feelings. It is therefore best for your happiness that you should confess to your husband what torturing suspicions sometimes be-

set you with regard to his sentiments toward you ; and it is also just as important that you should have his confession of the same kind of misgivings—which are by no means peculiar to your sex, as some suppose. I have known men just as sensitively alive to every little apparent neglect as the most refined woman. In general, a mutual confession would set such matters right, and always it should.

If, then, between married lovers, a confession is a duty, it is not to be neglected by another class of married persons—and sad as the fact may be, that class is not small—who can not be said really to be lovers, but only friends held in the sacred relationship of marriage, by convenience, or by a reluctance to part bonds too thoughtlessly assumed, but which in their very nature are indestructible. So easy is it for neglect of duty to creep in here, that it seldom fails to make itself manifest, and to bring the usual heart-burnings along with it. The very imminence of the danger requires more conscientious watchfulness, and the duty of confession is in a like degree heightened. The tenderness shown in such cases, where tenderness is not of spontaneous growth, may prepare the barren heart for a full flowering of love in the future, and you may yet have the happiness of finding that your husband, from being merely your friend and protector, has become your lover as well.

A more unhappy class still, is that one which really is, or imagines itself to be, disappointed in the dearest of all relations. This class is composed chiefly of women of the most positive refinement of soul—women who have clothed the objects of their affection in every ideal perfection, only to find, upon a closer intimacy, that it was their imagination alone which was so radiant with glory ; and when by repeated accidents this shining vesture has been rent away, they have turned with fainting hearts, really ill and disgusted, from what was once their idol. It is my opinion, that *all* women of lively imaginations experience something of disappointment, upon finding that their husbands are, after all, but men, like all their neighbor's husbands. But there is

a wide difference in the degrees of provocation given for this disappointment. What I have just spoken of is the natural recoil of a highly-strung nature from the discovery of defects, either great or small, where it had only expected perfection—however unreasoning the expectation. Where this disappointment comes from the reversion of too-highly-wrought fancy or feeling, there is great danger the other extreme of feeling may be reached,—that from being supremely happy and confident, you may become inexpressibly miserable and doubting. But you may venture in this case upon this primal duty of confessing your trouble, provided always that you do it in the spirit of a confession. If your husband is at all worthy of the compliment you first paid him, of believing him perfection, he will be touched by your loving romance, and make what effort he can to become truly the owner of those shining qualities which you hoped and believed him possessed of previous to marriage. I may as well mention here, that what I esteem as one of the strongest causes of this frequent disappointment in the minds of sensitive, delicate-minded women, is what I mentioned once before, that men exact the practice of every virtue by their wives, while at the same time they too often excuse themselves from a like performance of them ; an injustice which cruelly wounds a fine and just nature. Besides those who have been, what most persons would call over-sensitive, there belong to the disappointed class of wives those who really have sufficient cause for unhappiness ;—wives of men without principle, without religion, without feeling. To confess your heart-struggles to such men would probably gain you nothing, unless it were reproaches. But so long as there remains a trace of virtue or tenderness in the heart of man, the wife may hope to obtain a hearing when she speaks with the sorrowful humility of true love, or a desire for true love. This “telling every thing to each other” will greatly profit those who desire, as every one should, to keep alive the first love, or to create one where it is not, or to bring back that which is lost.

Although in talking about that which you ought to do, as I shall, in the remainder of my conversation, I can address only your sex, I can not help wishing, at the same time, that I were addressing one-half of my discourse to your husbands; because, as I have twice repeated, there has already been too much onesidedness in the imposing of moral duties in the domestic relations. But I rely upon your wifely wisdom and tact to get your husbands to listen to what I have got to say to you, and to convince them, in the least objectionable manner, that if *you* have duties, they, as the head of the household, can not be held irresponsible.

After having begun by observing the rule of confidence and confession, by which the very root of love is fostered, attend thereafter to the proper training and pruning of all its branches. There is nothing which conduces more directly to the continuance of affection, than the daily practice of *politeness*. The most frequent and fatal error into which married persons of both sexes fall, is that of treating one another with a sort of contemptuous indifference, even when no such feeling is experienced, but as a sort of matter of course; as much as to say, "Oh, you belong to me now, consequently are of no further consequence, except to fill your unavoidable bill of duties." But this is not only a vulgar but a dishonorable idea. No man or woman would consent beforehand to be treated in this way, if the proposition was plainly put to them; therefore to compel your husband to accept of disdainful or indifferent treatment after it is too late for him to decline the position, is dishonorable in the extreme. To me the whole grace of marriage is utterly obliterated by this too common rudeness of husbands and wives. There is something truly delightful and comforting in the idea that that there is one person in the world from whom we need never fear rudeness or contempt, however all the rest may behave toward us. That person, if any, should most assuredly be that other self, who has an equal interest in preserving our self-respect with

that which we feel ourselves. Politeness is so much like love, that it is its next best substitute, and might well be mistaken for it, in its expression. But love embellished by politeness, is the very climax of contentment.

There are many ways in which this attention to a husband may manifest itself; and first and most important, as well as most flattering of all, is when you show a sort of deference for his opinions in the presence of others, even those who may be his superiors. This deference not only pleases him, but is your own best appearance of self-respect; because if you show that you have been foolish enough to marry a man whose opinions you did not respect, or even so unfortunate as to have been imposed upon by such a man, you confess at once your humiliation before those people who have little sympathy for you, and who will go away and mention it to your disadvantage. Besides, this respect which you show your husband, naturally impresses him with an admiration of your good sense and affection, and he is the more likely to return the attention under similar circumstances.

A proper attention to *dress* is fully as much a sign of a loving wife as it is of a lady-like taste; for no woman of refinement can endure to look slovenly in the presence of a husband whom she loves and respects. She will rather shrink from betraying any of the necessary defects in her toilet, which will sometimes occur, either through illness or a press of unusual duties. There is something essentially coarse in the mind of that woman who can unconcernedly appear to the eyes of her husband in ill-fitting, soiled, or unbecoming dress. I do not say that no true wife will ever appear thus; but I say that when she does so, she can not fail to be annoyed, and that she will not often be surprised thus if she can prevent it.

I have little enough sympathy for men who are crying out against the extravagance of your sex, so long as they are wasting quite as much, or more, upon wines, cigars, fast horses, chance-games, gentleman's suppers, secret societies, silly

celebrations, and Irishmen's votes; still, I protest against the useless, nay *criminal* expenditure on dress, which for a few years has been the fashion of all the world who could be in the fashion. The Bible is against it; every gentle, modest, and womanly sentiment is against it; the demands of charity are against it; good sense and convenience are against it, and, in fact, it is every way wrong. Dress is, or should be, an indication of taste and character. There is a sort of sentiment in dress, properly managed. But I would defy the most expert to find out a lady's taste, or her peculiar characteristics, from the manifestations of dress as it is now accepted by our fashion-following women of America. Extravagance is its one expression: not of money alone, but of material, ornament, color, all. A woman is so dressed up an object, as scarcely to be recognizable as a woman! and certainly the change is no improvement. I shall rejoice when dame Fashion takes a whim to be a little more modest and retiring, as then I shall hope to see again occasional glimpses of my old ideals of woman, both as maiden and as matron. Not only out of consideration for your husbands' purses, but for the true dignity and grace of womanhood, I implore you to go back a few degrees in the present exuberance indicated by the mode. That woman is most truly great who can dare to be out of the fashion, when it outrages her sense of propriety or expediency; for the mode is without doubt the most exacting of tyrants. To find out and to conform, as much as you conveniently can, to your husband's taste in colors and so on, will increase your charms in his estimation, and is a pleasant thing to do,—as every woman loves, or should love, to be admired.

These things which I have mentioned, though, perhaps, to some seemingly inconsequential, as affecting the depth or fervency of love, are, I assure you, of great weight after all; since it is not by great things, but by trifles that the sum of your daily life is made up. As every minute helps to make the hour, so every smallest grace or most trifling fault swells

the sum of your virtues or your imperfections. But there are duties of a sterner and higher nature which every wife ought to perform with all the sacredness of a religious service. To sustain before her husband such a character for purity as to make him ashamed of vice; to show such discretion in the keeping of his business or other secrets, as to make him take pleasure in confiding them to her; to encourage him in depression by a cordial cheerfulness; to assist him in embarrassments by a willing economy; to participate in such pursuits of his as will tend to make you more united; to amuse his leisure, so as to give him a love of home, and in every way endeavor to order things so as to secure his highest degree of happiness. That is what you owe to your husbands: that is what your husbands, in the first place, owe to you. But even their default hardly can excuse you to your own consciences for a neglect of what is clearly your duty.

I do not mean to be understood to say that at all times and under all circumstances you can perform each of these duties that at some other time you may. If you are sick, if the terrible trials of womanhood weigh you down, if too much household labor has worn you out with fatigue, you may omit those little cares for your husband's pleasure, which otherwise you would take delight in assuming. It is now his turn to amuse, to encourage, to assist; and if you have always done your duty, he must be a monster of selfishness who would not gladly make this return.

To be disappointed in love before marriage, is a sorrow of great magnitude to many; but there is no grief and no despair so utterly overwhelming as the disappointment in love which sometimes comes after marriage. Take good care that it comes not to you or yours by any fault of your own. "At just such points as these, men have plunged into intemperance and wild excess,—they have gone to be shot down in battle,—they have broken life, and thrown it away like an empty goblet, and gone, like wailing ghosts, out into the dread unknown."

And if men can not brook this great revulsion of feeling, how then may a woman? If you should ask me, what is a woman's strength, life, and aspiration, I should answer you always LOVE. Live for that, and you will live happily and well.

SHE WOULDN'T BE JEALOUS.

A STORY WITH AN APPLICATION.

"NO!" exclaimed Harry Vane, as he threw himself back in his easy-chair, and removed a fragrant Havana from his lips for the purpose of exhaling the clouds of the perfumed smoke; "no," he repeated, "I wouldn't marry a jealous woman if she was the richest heiress in the world. I tell you Walter, it wouldn't do for my wife to be jealous. This being eternally constant to any one little bundle of lace and divinity is an utter impossibility to a man of my constitution. I have a natural taste for variety, do you see; and the most I want of a wife is to keep house for me, and take care of things, and give me a little leisure to make myself agreeable to woman-kind in general. When nothing more agreeable turns up, why of course then she can have the privilege of entertaining me, which, with the consolation of knowing that her husband is the most accomplished lady-killer in town, will, I take it, be ample compensation for all her services in my behalf. But you see if she were any way jealous she might not think so."

"It would be possible, I should think," said Walter Everett, "that she might be inclined to disagree with you. I should think any woman who loved you would naturally object to such an arrangement."

"Oh, pshaw, Everett!" exclaimed Harry; "that proves you to be a novice, Don't you know that love in a female heart is made up of just two elements—vanity and self-sacrifice. Just give a woman a husband she is proud of, and you—or, that is, you might not be able to—but a man of my accomplishments can coax her into any thing under the sun. Wait till I marry!—I'll show you how to manage a wife. I'll show you how to

unite all the freedom of a bachelor with all the privileges of a Benedict."

Walter smiled, and puffed away at his cigar in silence.

The two young men were clerks in a large mercantile establishment in the city. They occupied apartments in the same house, and were generally on very close and intimate terms. Perhaps it may not be necessary to inform the reader that Harry was something of a coxcomb, though he was by no means as immoral as might be inferred from his own account of himself. This Walter knew, and he could therefore listen to his occasional strains of gasconade with the utmost serenity, even though perfectly aware at the time that the speaker entertained serious ideas of finally bestowing the ineffable honor of his name and protection upon a certain little cousin of his own, Miss Susie Stanton. That his confidence went so far as to lead him to conceal from the said young lady the sentiments so frequently expressed, we can not vouch. Indeed, the writer rather has the idea that the two frequently talked over in private this unfortunate failing of their mutual friend, and studied frequently to devise some method of reducing the proportions of Harry's organ of variety.

Nothing, however, very effectual was accomplished during the courtship, and in process of time Mr. Harry Vane entered the state of matrimony, under the full conviction that his loving Susie possessed not one spark of jealousy, and that her overweening affection for him would lead her to accept with unfeigned gratitude and joy whatever attentions it might please him to bestow upon her, and to preserve a discreet silence in regard to whatever she might see in his outgoings or incomings that was peculiar or mysterious.

To do Susie justice, she was not naturally of a jealous disposition; but beside her inmate amiability in that respect, she had a little bit of that shy, womanly pride, which made her resolve that she wouldn't be jealous. No, indeed, she would never be pointed at as a jealous wife, neither should Mr. Harry Vane have the pleasure of insinuating that he

managed his wife, that she was duly instructed and trained at home to look conveniently in the other direction, whenever he chose to open the invincible battery of his fascinations upon any innocent and unsuspecting young female. No, no; the little lady was too acute for that.

It therefore happened that whenever at a ball or a party Mr. Harry Vane made himself particularly agreeable to any lady, Mrs. Harry Vane also cultivated the same individual. If Mr. Harry Vane only danced with the young lady, or escorted her out to supper, Mrs. Harry Vane contented herself with the most amiable inquiries after the said young lady's health, and gracious hopes that the family at home were quite well. If Mr. Vane danced twice or thrice with the young lady, Mrs. Vane straightway invited her to call, and intimated that she should very soon give herself the pleasure of visiting the young lady; and if matters went still further, and Mr. Harry Vane indulged in a little *tete-a-tete*, or a flirtation, Mrs. Harry Vane immediately fixed a day, and asked the young lady to tea.

At home, too, if Mr. Harry Vane exclaimed with enthusiasm, "By Jove, but that Miss West has a splendid figure!" Mrs. V. replied with equal enthusiasm, "She has, indeed, and she danced admirably." Or if Harry remarked that "Araminta Waters was decidedly the handsomest woman at Mrs. Morgan's party," Susie added, gently, "that rumor said she was as amiable and accomplished as she was handsome and fascinating." By this sly way of fighting fire with fire, she had succeeded in extinguishing a half dozen glowing *penchants* in the bosom of her liege lord; while, at the same time, the uniform sweetness and amiability of her own conduct could not fail to deepen the admiration and respect which Harry had possessed for her when he married her.

So it went on for a year or two, and Susie found herself a mother. After that, things seemed to mend a little; but baby's charms soon lost their power, and Susie's trial took another form. Her loving heart, which was constantly, though quietly, watchful over Harry's lightest movement, was wounded at its

most sensitive point. Harry frequently left home without inviting her to accompany him, or even informing her of his destination. Much as her anxious fears were startled by this new shadow upon her domestic peace, Susie had the discretion to say nothing, but meanwhile to double her assiduity in winning him to home pleasures. All her efforts, however, availed her little; at least one evening in the week he continued to spend away from her. At first she was afraid he might be entering upon some course of dissipation, but careful observation soon convinced her that whatever sin might be laid to his charge, the love of liquor was not one; and as drinking forms an ingredient of nearly all forms of dissipation, she finally came to the conclusion that, as of old, his wandering, inconstant heart was straying after some new light of female beauty. It is possible that at this juncture she may have taken her cousin Walter into confidence.

One beautiful morning in July, Harry seemed in no hurry to go to town. He lingered reading his newspaper after breakfast till nearly nine o'clock, and then dressing himself carefully in his handsomest suit, carelessly bade his wife good morning, and strolled leisurely up the road, instead of going down it to his place of business. The quick perception of his wife had noticed a strange disquietude in his manner all the morning, and she smiled a quiet smile to herself, as she stood before the mirror in her own room, arraying herself in her most becoming walking costume; for Mrs. Harry Vane was going out too.

She fitted a dainty pair of boots on her pretty foot, and tightened the fastenings of her sweetest pair of kid gloves, put on her most bewitching bonnet, and then took the last glance in the mirror to assure herself that there wasn't a sweeter or more captivating little woman than Mrs. Harry Vane. "He has good taste, it any rate," she soliloquized, "and that is one consolation." But the little half sigh which closed the sentence intimated that it wasn't so very consoling after all.

After her own toilet was completed,

baby was dressed in his richest and most spotless robes, and Mary was intrusted with the precious charge, and bid to follow her mistress. Down the road tripped the little lady, taking the shortest way to the river side. There lay the steamer with flags flying and whistle blowing, just ready to convey a party of happy excursionists down the river. Mrs. Harry Vane tripped lightly over the pier, followed by Mary and baby, and the next moment the gallant steamer with its holiday company was fairly under way. Mrs. Vane walked leisurely to the forepart of the vessel, and there apparently very much to her surprise, discovered Mr. Vane sitting in most attentive proximity to a handsome and showy young lady, who was evidently quite the slave of Mr. Vane's fascinations.

"Why, good morning, Harry!" exclaimed Mrs. Vane, in her sweetest and most cordial tones; "this is, indeed, a delightful surprise. I had not anticipated of your company. After you left home I happened to notice the advertisement of the excursion, and baby has seemed so ailing lately, that I thought it might do him good to take an excursion; so I dressed myself as quickly as possible, and hurried down here."

What could Mr. Harry Vane say in reply to this most amiable wife-like greeting? Mrs. Vane was not at a loss, however, to fill up the pause which his hesitation occasioned.

"This lady is a friend of yours, I presume—introduce me to her, Harry," said she, turning to the lady. "Mr. Vane's circle of friends previous to our marriage was so very extensive, that I have not even yet made the acquaintance of all of them. I hope, however, to know them all in the course of time, for nothing gives me greater pleasure than to entertain Harry's friends. Your name is—? I didn't quite understand."

"Miss Wentworth," replied the lady, bowing stiffly.

"Ah, yes, Miss Wentworth," said Mrs. Vane complacently. "I do not recollect hearing Harry speak of you: but it is all the same; my memory is very treacherous, and indeed he might have mentioned

your name, casually, you know, a dozen times, and still I might have forgotten it. But bless me! where is the baby? Mary, come here."

Mary answered the call, and placed the blue-eyed little wonder in the arms of its delighted mamma.

"Mamma's precious little darling! Was it warm?—so it was. Mamma will take off its hat—so she will. There does it see its papa?—there so it does, and knows him, too—precious angel! See! Miss Wentworth, see how well the little darling knows its father, and it isn't four months old yet." And Mrs. Vane danced the chubby, red-faced little thing up and down in Mr. Vane's face, and asked, enthusiastically, "Didn't Miss Wentworth think he was just the image of his 'pa'?"

There were several of Harry's acquaintances on board, by whom the affair was thoroughly understood; and it was not long until the story passed from lip to lip, and smiles and titters and jokes at poor Harry's expense circulated in every direction. He excused himself as speedily as possible from the society of the ladies, and walked moodily to the other end of the boat, and there stood contemplating what he should do to extricate himself from this dilemma.

"What the deuce am I to do?" he soliloquized. "To blow out at her, as I should like to, would only raise a row and circulate the story; and I can't get rid of her, for the boat won't put back, I suppose, on my account. God! if the water wasn't so hot I'd drown myself. To bring that red-faced little imp with her too! It is a pretty child enough, though; of course it couldn't be any thing else, and be my child; and she looks deuced pretty herself, too, to-day. She's a vast deal prettier than Madge Wentworth ever was—the baggage! If I ever get safe out of this scrape, catch me risking my reputation for another bold flirt like her?"

Meanwhile Miss Wentworth, who possessed a deal of womanly tact in her way, had overcome in a measure the embarrassment of her first meeting with Mrs. Vane, and had entered very affably into conversation with her. The baby, as if

determined to do its part, was as sweet tempered as its mamma, and cooed and laughed to the infinite delight of Miss Wentworth, who was, or pretended to be, exceedingly fond of pets. Mrs. Vane's amiability was perfectly irresistible, and when Mr. Vane returned he found the two ladies on the best possible terms.

When dinner was announced, Mrs. Vane called on Mary to take the baby, and rising, exclaimed, "Mr. Vane give your arm to Miss Wentworth," at the same time appropriating the other to her own use, "and we will hurry into dinner. This stiff breeze gives one such an appetite!"

At dinner, Mrs. Vane's first attentions were given to Miss Wentworth, and the least failure upon the part of Mr. Vane (who, to tell the truth, was a little absent-minded), to observe the wants of that young lady, was reprimanded by Mrs. Vane.

"My dear, Miss Wentworth will take some more fowl," said Mrs. Vane. "Harry dear, help Miss Wentworth to some of these delicious peas. Miss Wentworth, allow me to assist you to some of this sauce; I assure you it is delicious."

After dinner, the two ladies, with the baby, retired to the ladies' cabin, and Harry enjoyed an hour's immunity from the society of either. He retired aft to enjoy (?) his Havana. Let us hope that its fragrance served, in some measure, to calm his troubled mind.

It was nearly dark when the excursionists returned, and Harry called a cab for the ladies, and directed the driver to his own residence.

"Harry, my dear, how can you be so impolite?" said Mrs. Vane. "We must see Miss Wentworth home first by all means. She has been complaining of fatigue for the last two hours, and I must protest against her being driven a mile or two out of her way upon my account."

Harry was obliged to acquiesce, and Mrs. Vane had the satisfaction of leaving Miss Wentworth at her own door, and bidding her a most affectionate farewell, with the hope that she had enjoyed the day, and would experience no inconvenience from the fatigue it had occasioned her.

Ten minutes later, Harry Vane was stretching his weary limbs upon a sofa in his own quiet parlor. Mrs. Vane hustled about and prepared a most delicious tea for her loving lord. At first his vexation betrayed him into a few unamiable remarks; but the real tenderness of Susie's manner, as she handed him the smoking cup of souchong upon the lounge, and soothed and petted away the headache which oppressed him, silenced his irritability, and won him back to good humor.

That was the last of Harry Vane's wanderings. The name of Miss Wentworth was never mentioned in his house; and, save his penitent confession (made that night with his weary head lying upon her bosom, "Susie, I have wronged you; will you forgive me?" to which her only answer was the kiss of peace and trust, and a glance more eloquent than any speech), there was no allusion to his faults.

Susie is gray-haired now, and her failing strength is supported by the tenderness of her grand-daughters; and it may be that to them she sometimes repeats the story of the WOMAN WHO WOULDN'T BE JEALOUS.

THE TEETH:

HOW TO USE AND CARE FOR THEM

BY G. F. COLBURN.

EVERY one should be familiar with the fact, that the decay of the teeth always commences externally, or, in other words, decay always shows itself upon the enamel, or bony structure of the teeth, and never internally, as was at one time supposed to be the case. It may be said to be, in most cases, the result of chemical action, produced by the decomposition of particles that collect or lodge in the interstices or depressions of the teeth, while eating. These fissures are caused by the imperfect uniting of edges of the enamel while the tooth is being formed; any individual can readily detect them upon examination. Every one will, therefore, readily see how necessary it is to prevent all particles of food or foreign matter from remaining a sufficient time to produce decomposition. Numerous

experiments have been instituted for the purpose of ascertaining the length of time necessary for various kinds of food to so decompose as to produce injury. All food in a state of decomposition generates acid. From experiments by Professor Amos Wescott, it was found that "acetic and citric acids so corroded the enamel in forty-eight hours that it could be readily removed with the finger nail." Acetic acid, or common vinegar, is one of our principal condiments, and he says, is "formed in the mouth whenever substances liable to fermentation are suffered to remain for any considerable length of time."

Citric acid, or lemon juice, of which many, especially young females, are so fond, readily acts upon the lime of which the teeth are composed, when brought into contact with them. Malic acid, or the acid of apples, in its concentrated state, also acts promptly; also muriatic, sulphuric, and nitric acids, although greatly diluted. And here let us caution all persons against using any preparation to whiten their teeth; for as the teeth are mostly composed of phosphate and carbonate of lime, any thing that produces effect, acts on their material, and will ultimately seriously injure or destroy them. Keep the teeth clean, and they are as white as nature intended. Professor Wescott also found that "raisins so corroded the enamel in forty-eight hours that its surface presented the appearance and consistency of chalk." The condition of the saliva is also, at times, acidulous. In view of what we have above stated, it will be seen how careful every one should be, for self or for children, to thoroughly cleanse the teeth from all substances that come in contact with them.

Preparations for cleansing and purifying the mouth should be free from all acids, and contain as one of its principal ingredients, an alkali (such as enters into saponaceous substances), to neutralize the acid, and destroy the animal and vegetable parasites that are secreted by the fluids of the mouth. It has been found, by microscopical examination, that the secretions of every person's mouth con-

tains more or less of vegetable and animal life, that they will stand the application of acids and astringents, and will only succumb to alkalies, which not only appear fatal, but a preventive to their formation. The mouth of persons who have been in the habit of using soap freely as a dentifrice, are completely free from these productions. Every preparation, then, should contain this substance. But soap alone is not sufficient properly to cleanse the mouth and keep it in a healthy condition. Some substance should be combined with it that will produce a gentle friction, sufficient to create a healthful circulation of blood in the gums, and remove from the surface of the enamel any extraneous accumulation that would otherwise disfigure it. Prepared chalk and a little orris-root to flavor, with pure castile soap, make a simple, and at the same time effective dentifrice, all-sufficient to answer the purpose for which tooth-powder should be used. By no means use powdered charcoal as a dentifrice. This substance is the same that is used to polish the surface of iron or steel; it is insoluble, and so acrid in its nature that, no matter how fine you may reduce it, its little black grains will not only insinuate themselves between the neck of the tooth and the gum, causing an irritation of the parts, which, in the end, may destroy the investing membrane of the tooth, but it scratches the surface of the enamel. Not long since, we had to remove the four upper incisors of a young lady who had been in the habit of using charcoal as a dentifrice, because their surfaces were seamed over with minute black lines that could not be erased, and the teeth loosened, and the gums abraded and irritated from its constant use. It would be well for every one, before using a tooth-powder, to see if it will scratch glass, moistened and rubbed over its surface. If so, it will produce the same effect upon the glossy, glass-like surface with which God has covered the teeth. The use of tooth-powder is to keep the teeth clean, and not to change their natural color. If the teeth are of a dark or yellow hue, they never can be made white except at the expense of

the material of which they are composed; any powder, then, that whitens such teeth is only acting chemically, and therefore injuriously, upon their structure.

The same care and attention required for the preservation of the permanent teeth is necessary for the deciduous teeth. Nature never intended that the teeth of children should be lost or removed by decay; but that they should remain to fulfill their offices until she should hang out her signal for their removal by causing them to become loose, and give way for the permanent set by the absorption of their roots. If nature had her course, we should seldom witness a case of irregular or deformed teeth or mouth, now so common. The principal reason of this deformity is, that one or more of the temporary teeth have been removed, on account of pain and decay, before its time, in consequence of which the space, that nature had reserved for the permanent tooth, becomes so contracted that when it does appear it is crowded from its position, and is either thus left crowded (in which case it is not only unsightly, but tends to destroy the symmetry that nature intended), or a sound tooth has to be sacrificed to make room for it. Scarcely a week passes that the dentist is not called upon to correct some irregularity in this manner. Children have twenty temporary or deciduous teeth, the germs of which, as well as of the permanent, exist in the jaw even previous to birth, and begin making their appearance about the sixth or seventh month, although the time varies in different children.

The period of the eruption of these teeth is the most dangerous and troublesome of the child's existence, and every parent would do well to consult a competent dentist, who will, by proper remedies, palliate the disorders incidental to this period. About the second or third year the temporary teeth are complete, and are fully developed, and require the same care to preserve them their proper time, both for usefulness and beauty, as is exercised toward the permanent set. All parents should be impressed with the

importance of this fact, as they value the health, comfort, and beauty of their offspring. Protect the first set of teeth from the spoiler. Rather let the face or hands of your child remain unwashed, than the child's mouth, and breath, and health suffer from unclean and thereby rotten teeth. Early initiate the child into the mysteries of the dental toilet, by teaching him to use powder and the brush. Teach him that it is necessary that the mouth should be clean to eat his morning meal, as this time is generally best to clean the teeth, as it removes all vitiated secretions that have accumulated through the night. Then have the toothpick (an instrument more requisite than the brush for healthy teeth) brought into requisition after eating, so as to remove all particles of food that remain lodged between the teeth. Many a child would be saved from a great amount of suffering, and the parents spared a great amount of trouble, if these rules were observed.

About the sixth year, or soon after, four permanent molar, or double, teeth make their appearance. Let every parent remember this, as it is generally supposed that these four teeth belong to the first set, and that if they decay and are removed they will come again. This is a mistaken idea. They are permanent teeth, and if lost will be lost forever. No teeth that come after the sixth year are ever shed. At twelve years the second set is usually complete, with the exception of the *dens sapientie*, or wisdom teeth, which make their appearance from the eighteenth to the twenty-fourth year. During the eruption of the second set the beauty and character of the child's countenance is completed, and every thing depends upon proper care and attention at this time, to see that the teeth come with regularity, and without being crowded. Should this be the case, the parent may expect a finely formed mouth; and such deformities as we often see, as a rabbit narrowness of the mouth, contracting the lips and altering the whole expression of the face, as well as the projecting chin, etc., caused by neglect of early dental attention at this period will be avoided.

DIFFERENT MOURNING CUSTOMS.

ALL the world is acquainted with the grandeur of the Roman obsequies and funeral games. The Greeks always burnt the corpses of distinguished men, with funeral feasts, and the lamentation of hired weepers, though they generally displayed a less sumptuous grief, and better regulated piety. The Persians buried the bodies of the dead; the Scythians ate them; the Indians enveloped them, for preservation's sake, in a sort of locker; the Egyptians embalmed and dried them, exhibited them on festal days, placed them at the table among their guests, guarded them as their most precious possessions, and loaned and borrowed money on these strange pledges. In our time, the custom of dancing at funerals is only practiced in India and among some savage nations; but funeral entertainments still prevail in many European countries. Amongst others the ceremony of interment is solemn and silent, which nevertheless does not interfere with the wish that all may be forgotten as speedily as possible. We observe more ostentatious rites for persons of consequence. Their carriages follow them to the grave, and sometimes their horses are paraded, which, having been made to fast, seem to partake of the affliction of the occasion. The Orientals, from whom we borrow this custom, went further—they made the horses in funeral processions weep, by blowing a particular kind of powder up their nostrils.

In Italy the color worn for mourning was formerly white for women, and brown for men. In China it is white; in Turkey, Syria, and Armenia it is blue; in Egypt, yellow; in Ethiopia, gray. Each of these colors had, originally, its mystical significance. White is the emblem of purity; celestial blue indicates the space the soul ranges after death; yellow, or the tinge of dead leaves, exhibits death as the end of all human hopes, and man falling like the leaf of autumn; gray represents the color of the earth, our common mother; and black, the funeral costume now adopted throughout

Europe and America, is an allusion to the eternal night. In England, the sovereign never wears black; he is clothed in dark purple as mourning. Till the reign of Charles VIII., white was the funeral garb in France. The emperor Leopold, who died in 1705, used to suffer his beard to grow in disorder during the whole period of mourning; in this he imitated the Jews. The dowager empresses never left off weeds, and their apartments were hung with black till their death. The chancellor of France is the only person who never wears mourning. The brothers, nephews, and cousins of popes never wear it; the happiness of having a pope in the family is too great to allow them to be affected even by his death.

But the most remarkable of all these usages is, perhaps, that of the people of those ancient nations who dressed themselves as women when they lost their relatives, in order, it is sad, that the ridicule attached to their vestments might make them ashamed of their grief.

TRUST ON.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

WAIF on the sea of life!

Tossed by the angry billows,

Bearing the crown of thorns,

Wearing the weeping willows,

Steer for the shore that looms in the West,
Strive for the headland, there thou shalt rest.

Hope's royal star is quenched

In the waters cold and dreary,

Thy soul with battling strife

Is getting forlorn and weary—

Look up once more! there's a beacon light
Gleaming steadily out thro' the rayless night.

On hills of jasper it burns

Before the heavenly portals—

And its warmth comes down to cheer

The hearts of faithless mortals.

And the angels are holding the soft light
there,

With their golden harps, and palm-crowned
hair.

Only a little while—

Only a little waiting—

Then Death's vessel shall take thee

Over his sea a-sailing!

And if thy banner and watchword be right,
Tremble not! dread not! enter the Light!

EDITOR'S RETREAT.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

"A HAPPY New Year!" many thousand times
These pleasant words are spoken in the land,
Written in letters, woven into rhymes,
And echoed by the merry household band.

The children shout it creeping out of bed
Three hours too soon, to lengthen out the day,
Still all too brief for busy hands and head,
Elate with toys, to finish half their play.

The lover breathes it to the blushing girl,
Promised so soon to be his own sweet wife,
Adding, while smiles break through those "gates of
pearl,"—

"The happiest, happiest year of all my life!"

'Tis written in the tiny note that goes
With those embroider'd slippers, love knows where;
And hidden in the casket wherein glows
Those unexpected gems for Beauty's hair.

'Tis folded in among the costly furs
And silken robes the wealthy merchant sends
To his fair wife and daughters—and it stirs
To missive-writing deeds long-silent friends.

'Tis whisper'd by the pale and perfumed youth
At fashion's door, kissing the finger-tips
Of white-kid gloves—were rat-skins once, in truth,
Now honor'd by aristocratic lips.

'Tis mingled with roast-turkey cold, and wine,
And chicken-salad, in fond friendship's mouth;
'Tis drank in cider where the north-fires shine,
And in egg-nogg by the more balmy South.

Many now hear it whom another year
Shall find with ears closed to all loving sound
So closed, no voice, however near and dear,
Can pierce the silence folding them around.

Grandfather prays it in his easy-chair,
And baby lisps it, clinging to his knee—
Right pleasant words and good to say, there are,
And so we say them, reader, greeting thee.

"A happy New Year!" from our small Retreat,
Full earnestly to all the words we say,
Where joyful households 'round the fireside meet
To keep, in mirth and hope, the New Year's day.

WINTER SUNRISE.

The great, sparkling stars die out of the
sky; all but one, which still burns, a silver
sun, the herald of its more fiery brother,
calm and supreme above the level twilight.
The darkness begins to be broken by rosy
bands girdling the horizon; and now broad
belts of crimson and orange circle the east,
and quite extinguish the fading splendor of

the morning star. There is nothing dull
nor dreary in the keen aspect of the awaken-
ing earth. It catches the light at very
salient point. The leafless branches of the
trees and shrubs are clothed with a beauty
of their own; just stirred by a light wind,
which runs like a messenger from bough to
bough and field to field, they glitter with
the weight of crystals which bears them
down. The frost has tipped every ugly ob-
ject with a transient whiteness and brilliancy.

The orange and crimson of the east melt
into a molten lake of gold; and now the
distant church-spire and the windows of the
little village burn as if transplanted from the
gorgeous-stained treasures of some saintly
cathedral. The icicles hanging from the
shelving roofs flame like inverted tapers,
aiding in the grand illumination. Shrill and
clear, through the frosty air, resounds the
clarion of chanticler, heralding his master
—and behold! a golden ball stands beneath
the belted east—a moment more, and rays
of light shoot from it, piercing the flying
shadows, and the sun is up!

At nine o'clock, when the languid votaries
of fashion leave their couches, and, drawing
aside the silken curtains, look out upon the
pale, perhaps, gloomy winter day, will they
believe that it was ushered in with so much
of pomp? Hardly; and yet the winter has
very many of the most beautiful sunrises,
rivaling the sweeter, dewier splendors of the
summer dawns. At Christmas-time the early
morning is almost always superb. The
morning star is in her peculiar glory, doing
honor to the advent of which she stands the
symbol. Give us, for our winter sleeping-
apartment,

"A chamber opening to the east,"

lest our greater love for a warm bed should
banish our appreciation of the beauty we
have been talking about.

A CHOICE BOUQUET.

We have, for a souvenir of our autumn
rambles, a beautiful bouquet, which will be,
in its fadeless charms, like a sweet thought

hovering in our Retreat; a reminder, all the season through, of past delight, when we gathered the scattered leaves of which it is composed, while they were dropping, in rustling music and in rainbow wreaths, beneath the trees. Do our readers know what

pretty bouquet or garland can be made of autumn leaves, by choosing the most brilliant, varnishing them to preserve color and pliancy, and then grouping them artistically? Every household should have these summer mementoes upon the parlor mantel as reminders of the glory gone and of the beauty imperishable.

A PROSE POEM.

There is a double and dreary rain beating upon the window-pane; a dreary rain from the cold, gray sky falling upon the earth to die, and a rain from the rustling trees, of leaves shook down by the breeze. The old tree tosses its arms and grieves as its little children lie, silent and shroudless, beneath the sky, no more to sing, and they sit and swing on the swaying branches high; but, loosed by the pale hands of the frost, they fall and are lost. There will be no stars to-night, walking forth with faces bright—no stars to-night, but only a sound of rain-drops falling round.

The poet's heart beats sad and low: his melancholy musings flow like his chilled pulses, slow. His soul doth feel a listless pain, dull like the sound of dropping rain; he sighs, like the tossing tree, over the falling leaves of hope, which used to murmur dreamily where summer vistas close and ope. Dead are the summer children of hope; it is autumn in the poet's heart; he sits and sighs, and with a sudden start rises and paces his lonely room with a brow of gloom. He looketh up at the dull, gray sky, and down where the fallen rain-drops lie—he thinks of perished bloom—he thinks of a building tomb! he muses upon the coming snow—he treadeth heavy and sigheth low, looking out on the double rain, wishing for summer again.

Disappointed poet-heart, never at rest thou art; but thou shalt sometimes be—not here! above the rustling tree, *above* the rain and the swollen cloud, *beyond* the dreaded shroud, there, as thou dost yearn to be, *thou shalt be free!*

THE POET'S VISION.

I saw a palace in the clouds, by night,
And one was walking there
With silent feet, and silver slippers bright,
And golden streaming hair.
Backward her garments flutter'd on the air—
Pale rose were they, with edges purely white;
She came from out the amber-lighted hall,
Along the portico,
Leaning her cheek against a pillar tall
That did like fiery rubies glow;
Her face was pale, save that the light did fall
From the red pillar, on her cheek of snow—
Not a sad pallor, but a lovely white,
Like lilies in a moonlight night.
Her fleeting voice, over that rosy sea
Of sunset waves, on which the vision grew,
Came sweetly, saying these few words to me;—
"BE TO THINE OWN HEART TRUE!"

CONSCIENCE.

Victor Hugo, in his last work, has given the world a volume which is marked by all the poet's wondrous power, pathos, and sublime converse with the ideal. The old man, now an exile from his beloved France, is still resigned, and if his song is touched with sadness from hopes sundered, ambitions thwarted, pride insulted, homes broken, he still is one of the most noblest of men, and will be trusted as one of earth's great hearts.

One passage from his work is full of nobility in utterance, so wonderfully vivid in conception, that we must find room for it in this department. Read the legend "La Conscience!"

"When, along with his children, clothed in the skins of wild beasts, distraught, wan, in the midst of tempest, Cain fled from before Jehovah, as night was falling; the gloomy man came to the foot of a mountain in a great plain; his weary wife and his panting children said to him: "Let us lie down on the ground and sleep." Cain, not sleeping, sat thinking at the foot of the mountain. Raising his head, he saw in the depths of the funereal heavens an eye, wide open in the darkness, gazing fixedly on him through the night. "I am too near" he said, trembling. He awakened his sleeping children, his weary wife, and renewed his woeful journey, going thirty days and thirty nights, silent, pale, furtive, startled at every sound, not looking behind him, without truce, without rest, till he reached the shore of the sea.

"Let us rest here," he said, "for it is a sure asylum; we have reached the bounds of the world." And as he sits down, he sees the eye in the same place in the lurid horizon. And black horror seizes him, and he cries: "hide me," and Jabal, father of those who live under tents in the desert, drew a tent about him; and when he sat encompassed by its thick folds, little Tsilla, his son's child, fair as the morning, asks: "You no longer see any thing?" and Cain answers: "I still see the eye." And Jubal built about him a wall of brass, but that eye still gazed upon him. Then Tubal Cain and his brothers built a great city, with walls as thick as mountains, and wrote upon the gate, "God shall not enter," and they placed Cain in a great tower of stone within, and there the eye looked steadfastly on the dreary, haggard man. Then he said, let me dwell under the ground, in the loneliness of the grave, where none shall see me, where I shall see nothing more. And they made him a cave under ground, and Cain said, "It is good." Then he went down into it, and when he was seated there in the dark, and they had closed it up with a great stone, "the eye was in the tomb, and looked on Cain."

A "RUSTIC BEAUTY."

A sweet association comes with this phrase, since it conveys, as some one has well said, "in one respect, the sweetest possible idea of woman. We associate with it all that belongs to an uneducated, artless, sincere, warm-hearted, and beautiful girl. Her charms hang about her so silently, that they seem to have stolen upon her without her knowledge, like those of the fair and happy milkmaid described by Sir Thomas Overbury. We associate her with the fresh dew, with the birds of the wild wood, with the green fields of spring, and with all the flowers of summer. If we see her near a bush of roses, we can almost fancy it is her breath which loads the air with perfume." If this is a little rhapsodical, it is too near the reality to bear modification. Heaven does bless the "rustic lass."

BOY LOVES.

Boy loves! How that expression sends us back into the past, when, as a school-girl, we coyly heard the sweet confession

from the lips of him who watched our going and coming—who knew all our haunts—who brought us the best of all the gifts which he obtained! Ah! we shall write out the reminiscences of those days which stand in our life's calendar as a summer spot of purest, sweetest beauty—an Indian summer of delight and satisfied hope. A work before us has this paragraph:

"The passion of love in boys bears about the same relation to genuine love that green fruit does to ripe. Women of a little experience soon learn that it is not quite safe to trust boys with the secrets of their hearts, as they are apt both to misinterpret and misrepresent any little freedom of manners. At this period, the imagination is morbid from weakness and inexperience; and a proneness to boast of what their vanity construes into *advances* on the part of ladies, is among the least ill consequences of flirting with boys."

THE EMBROIDERY LESSON.

(See Engraving.)

What speed, my little embroideress,
Do those small fingers make?
No need to pout in pretty distress
If the threads should tangle and break.
You have time enough to learn the art
So apt to a woman's hand,—
To weave the living flow'rs of thy heart
Along with the silken strand.
Count out the stitches, one by one;
Count them, two by two—
A time will come thy thoughts will run
Swifter than stitches do:
Thy thoughts will run in golden threads,
Hope's silver shuttles glide,
The shoes in which HE proudly treads
Will have a glittering side,
And unseen garlands overlay
The garments of the bride.
In feminine fingers, deft and neat,
And cunning at their work,
The mainsprings of their hearts are set,
Love's motive-powers lurk.
Yes! even thou, my pupil small,
Art dreaming of thy pet,—
What robes and skirts, embroidered all,
That waxen beauty shall get.
Thy work is well, my child,—look close,
And count the stitches true.
Thy cheeks are like this crimson rose,
Thine eyes these violets blue.
Those cheeks will oft with blushes glow,
Those eyes be bright with tears,
While lingering at the tasks which grow
Upon thy future years.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

JANUARY.

"I crown thee king of intimate delights,—
 Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
 And all the comforts that the lowly roof
 Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
 Of long, uninterrupted evening know."

COWPER.

READER, we wish you a happy New Year!

That which makes the happiness of one, constantly fails to create the enjoyment of another. All dispositions, temperaments, circumstances, and peculiar habits require, each and all, separate and distinctive kinds of pleasure. As a rule, we do not derive our most perfect satisfaction from those pursuits or attainments which we have sought with the greatest ardor; but from those more simple and unstudied means of happiness which lie about us in the every-day comforts of life.

The scholar studies long and arduously to find himself, after years of unhealthful application to books, a wreck in health, and a mere tyro in knowledge still. The merchant labors without recreation or rest during the best years of his life in pursuit of wealth, and in the expectation of enjoying it, only to find when his end is gained in the first part, that it is impossible to realize the whole extent of his anticipations, for he has lost the relish for pleasures he looked forward to in the beginning as the reward of his toil. The statesman's brain-work is increased instead of being lightened by age, and his reward is too often but misconception and ingratitude from the people. The poet, the preacher, the editor, the lawyer, the artisan, and the beggar even, once had high hopes of something which was pursued with ardent desire for a greater or lesser period. The young maiden reveled in dreams of future love, and truth, and happiness; and she found not the tenth part of her imaginary happiness become real. The young mother put all her strength, and hope, and aspiration into the future of her children; and they died, or were ungrateful. Such is the reality of our youthful dreams. But there is one kind of happiness which at some period of our lives we have

all enjoyed, and that is *home-happiness*. It came so unsought and natural. It was so perfect and satisfactory—so much more satisfactory than any we have known since, that now some of us have lost it, in the shifting scenes of life, we look back upon it with the fondest regret, and sigh in vain for the old feeling of confidence and repose which gave us that hardly appreciated pleasure.

Dear reader, although we wish you all sorts of happiness, and plenty of New Year presents, and every variety of innocent gaiety for the holidays, most especially we wish you pleasant homes, and abundance of fireside enjoyment through the long, cheerful January evenings. You that are young, make the most of your present privileges, and help the old to renew their youth in the contemplation of your healthful and virtuous sports; and lay up, too, a bit of useful knowledge with each returning eve of the rugged but cheerful winter.

We meant to have had space for a short homily on some housekeeping ways; but must defer it until next month, and with all the easier mind, since we have no doubt our readers, in the gayeties of the season, can dispense with our sober practicalities.

As this is the season for luxurious eating, we give a few receipt for the getting up of Christmas and New Year dinners, preferring that we know them to be good.

OLD ENGLISH PLUM-PUDDING.—To make what is termed a pound pudding, take of raisins well-stoned, currants thoroughly washed, one pound each; chop a pound of suet very finely and mix with them, add a quarter of a pound of flour, or bread very finely crumbled, three ounces of sugar, one ounce and a half of grated lemon-peel, a blade of mace, half a small nutmeg, half a dozen eggs well beaten; work it well together, put it into a cloth, tie it firmly—allowing room to swell—and boil not less than five hours. It should not be suffered to stop boiling.

BOILED PLUM-PUDDING.—Take one pound of good suet; cut it in small pieces and add one pound of currants, and one of stoned raisins, eight eggs, one nutmeg grated, one pound of flour, and one pint of milk; to the eggs, previously well beaten, add one-half the milk, and mix well together; stir in the flour, spice, fruit, and suet, and the remainder of the milk. Boil from four to five hours.

MINCE PIE.—The best kind of meat for mince pies is neat's tongue and feet. Boil the meat till perfectly tender; then take it up; clear it from the bones and gristle; chop it fine enough to strain through a sieve; mix it with an equal weight of tart apples, chopped very fine. If the meat is not fat, put in a little suet or melted butter. Moisten the whole with cider; sweeten it to the taste with sugar and very little molasses; add mace, cinnamon, cloves, and salt to the taste. If you wish to make your pies rich, put in wine or brandy to the taste, and raisins, citron, and Zante currants. The grated rind and juice of lemons improve the pie. Make the pies on shallow plates, with apertures in the upper crust, and bake them from half to three-quarters of an hour, according to the heat of the oven.

Meat prepared for pies in the following manner will keep good several months, if kept in a cool, dry place: To a pound of finely-chopped meat, a quarter of a pound of suet, put half an ounce of mace, one ounce of cinnamon, a quarter of an ounce of cloves, two teaspoonfuls of salt. Add, if you like, the following fruits: half a pound of seeded raisins, half a pound Zante currants, a quarter of a pound of citron. Put in half a pint of French brandy or wine, three tablespoonfuls of molasses, and sugar sufficient to make it quite sweet. Put the whole in a stone pot, and cover it with a paper wet in brandy. When you wish to use any of it for pies, put to what meat you use an equal weight of apples, pared and chopped fine. If not seasoned high enough, add more spice and sugar. If the apples are not tart, put in lemon juice or sour cider.

TRANSPARENT PUDDING.—Beat up eight eggs; put them into a stew-pan, with half a pound of sugar, the same of butter, and some grated nutmeg, and set it on the fire,

stirring it till it thickens: then pour it into a basin to cool. Set a rich paste round the edge of your dish, flour in your pudding, and bake it in a moderate oven. A delicious and elegant article.

APPLE PUDDING.—Is made by lining a basin with paste, and filling it with pared, quartered, and cored apples, adding two tablespoonfuls of sugar; covering it with the paste, and then boiling it from one to two hours, according to the size of the pudding, and the ripeness of the apples. It is a bad plan to cut the apples up into small pieces, as the exposure to the air renders the cut surface hard and tough.

CORN GRIDDLE CAKES.—Turn three pints of scalding milk to one quart meal, four tablespoonfuls flour; when milk-warm, add four eggs, a little salt. Bake on a griddle. If too thick, put in another egg and a little more milk.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES WITHOUT YEAST.—One quart buckwheat; one small cup of Indian meal; one teaspoonful carbonate of soda dissolved in water sufficient to make a batter; when mixed, dissolve a teaspoonful of tartaric acid in hot water, mix well, and bake immediately. Grease the griddle with salt pork.

BAKED CUSTARD.—Boil one pint of milk or cream with some mace and cinnamon, and when cold, take the yolks of three or four eggs, a little rose-water, and sugar to suit taste; mix them, and bake in pans.

SEED CAKE.—Four cups of flour; one and a half of cream or milk; half a cup of butter; three eggs; half a teacupful of Carraway seeds; a teaspoonful of saleratus; the same of rose-water; make it into a stiff paste, and cut them out with a tumbler or biscuit-cutter; bake about twenty minutes.

LIQUID SAUCE.—One cup of boiling water; two-thirds cup of sugar; four tablespoonfuls of butter (don't let the butter boil in it); one teaspoonful of flour, stirred in a little water, and add all when boiling. Lemon or orange-peel to flavor; wine, if you like, added last.

APPLE SAUCE.—Stew rich, tart apples tender, having first cut them up, and season well with sugar and a little butter. For roast pork, a fine dressing.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE Monthly enters upon the New Year, we are glad to be permitted to announce, under most encouraging auspices. The year past has proven one of prosperity—so prosperous as to impel the publishers to make striking improvements in all departments of the publication. The new cover is one of real beauty and will not fail to please; while the new font of type, expressly cast for this magazine, gives us typography of a character not to be excelled by that of any journal published in this country. This clearness and purity of the types, and the grace and beauty of the title-page design, will be accompanied with a corresponding improvement in the illustrations of the year, and in the general excellence of the letter-press matter. From the announcements made elsewhere, by the publishers, it will be seen what is in store in the way of embellishments and matter. The purpose of all concerned is to render BEADLE'S HOME MONTHLY a truly good and desirable magazine—one which shall not fail to commend itself to all. Nothing shall gain admittance to these pages but what is calculated to perform the triple offices of pleasing, instructing, and the developing of good taste: and, with the eminent talent already engaged to co-operate regularly with us, we have no fears in promising the public the best monthly for the price yet placed within reach of the reading public. We therefore solicit all old patrons to continue their subscriptions (as we are most happy to know they generally are doing), in the full confidence that they will not only be pleased but that they will continue to take this HOME MONTHLY for many years to come. As its popularity increases, its improvements shall increase, and its excellence expand; and, as editor, we are full of the hope of talking to our tens of thousands of regular readers and subscribers ere many more volumes are added to the number already issued.

— We extend the hand of fellowship and kindly greeting to all old friends and new, and bid the homes and firesides where we are a visitant a joyous, happy New Year! If we were potent for deeds of magic we

should drop into every hand a rose, a lily, and a passion flower, as talismans of the love, the purity, and the beauty which should reign in every American home circle. We would crown the old with the evergreen and laurel as typical of the memory they shall leave behind; while to the young we would present a rosary of pearls upon which to number their deeds of goodness. Take wishes for deeds, O friends! and be the new year to you one fraught with blessings!

— The imperative and potent goddess of Fashion has not set any very startlingly new whimsies afloat this season; her efforts being chiefly in the invention of more elaborate trimming for dresses, though certainly the change did not seem at all necessary. There is as yet no diminution either in the length or width of dresses, but rather, *au contraire*, they are wider and longer than ever before. Walking dresses are chiefly trimmed with a wide velvet trimming quite at the bottom, or just below the knees. One style has very narrow flounces from the knee down to the hem. Sleeves are still very wide, and the handsomest decidedly are those which are open on the inside, up to within an inch of the top, and cut square across the bottom. These, like all the open sleeves, require very handsome under-sleeves. The bell-shaped sleeve is still worn, and is cut quite short on the upper side. Another sleeve, a little full at the top, and set in with a cap, and gathered up to about eight inches in width at the bottom, where a trimming shaped something like the cap is turned back over it—the whole trimmed with embossed velvet for heavy materials, or with silk fringe of the present style, with a heavy heading, for lighter stuffs. Some are longer, and closed at the wrist with a trimming of lace; and an effort has been made to introduce the tight sleeve, with the little, odd-looking ruffles around the upper part of the arm. This however is a doubtful success, as well as the gored skirts. Evening dresses are made with twelve or fourteen narrow flounces quite covering the skirts, or a still greater number of puffs. The bodies are

not worn so low off the shoulder as formerly, and nearly all have berthes either round or slightly pointed, and trimmed in a variety of ways, with lace and ribbon. Points are still in vogue for full dress.

The hair is worn in bandeaux, and fastened in a knot low down in the neck; or wound round the head in a diadem, for young girls: a large velvet bow with long ends being worn where it is fastened behind. For evening dress, flowers in small trailing wreaths are still worn.

The expense of some head-dresses imported for ladies of fashion is enormous, the lace of which they are made frequently costing seventy dollars. The rage for costly laces in every possible shape is as great as ever, and truly these laces are very beautiful, but to our mind hardly *republican*.

There are few new materials in market: but the ottoman velvets, the silks and merinoes, are all in high colors, and large plaids or bouquets. Some robe silks are in the very richest and most striking colors, making us wonder how any but a very bold woman can consent to exhibit herself in any thing so conspicuous.

The latest style of bonnets are not much different in shape from those we have been wearing. A very handsome hat is a plain velvet, covered with the new style of veil which is made to admit the crown through an opening in the center, thus forming a soft and graceful trimming of itself.

There is no sign of abatement in crinoline at present. It is, in fact, so convenient in every respect but getting in other people's way, that it will be difficult to abolish it.

Large fur capes and small muffs are still the style. Cloaks are all large and long. Basquines have pointed or round capes. Velvet is trimmed with guipure lace.

— As an addendum to our fashion gossip we may mention as a novelty worthy of note, that it *soon will be* "style" to carry the handkerchief in a ring suspended by a chain from a ring on the little finger of the *left hand over* the glove! What do our friends say to this new use of the ring? Handkerchiefs have become little more than a foot square of delicate tissue and elaborate needlework, costing from three dollars to

fifty; and the new digital appendage offers a very striking way of disposing of the exquisite vanity. We have no doubt but that this "style" will prevail, next season, among the "superfine," but have no fears of the folly becoming "plebeian."

— In the "Atlantic," for December, we find a good paper on the Aurora Borealis and its phenomena. That grand pantomime of the northern heavens involves a mystery which has, thus far, baffled our powers of interpretation; yet who shall say it will much longer remain a wonder of the world of mysteries? Since Humboldt and his noble coadjutors established a chain of magnetic observatories around the globe vast strides have been made in the exploration of the magnetic world which incloses this physical globe, and it is probable that the phenomena of the subtle presence will, ere long, all be written down in the books as *resolved* problems.

A scientific inquiry was instituted in regard to the incidents of the late auroral displays. The circular fell into the hands of a pedagogue up in — county, of New York, when he immediately returned the following *luminous* exposition of the cause of the display:—

"When the melogystic temperature of the horison is such as to caloricise the impurient indentation of the hemispheric analogy, the cohesion of the borax curbistus becomes charged with infinitessimals, which are thereby deprived of their fissural disquisitions. This effected, a rapid change is produced in this thorambumpter of the gyasticulus pale-rium, which causes a convalcular in the hexagonal antipathies of the terrestrium acqua verusli. The clouds then become a mass of deodorumised speculæ of cermocular light, which can only be seen when it is visible."

The *savans* have, we hear, elected the pedagogue a Fellow of the Society for the Propagation of Useful Knowledge.

— Crinoline is *the* topic when all others fail: it always interests when all others are dull. We may therefore be permitted *one more* reference to the *expansive* subject. The Queen of England, it is said, has actually discarded the enormous French steel skirt

and bustle, and has set the good and commendable fashion of a modest skirt of stiff material, minus steel springs and ribs of bone. Will we, in this country, sanction the innovation? In view of this war upon the present monstrosity the London *Punch* gives us this *national* lyric:—

Long live our gracious Queen,
Who won't wear crinoline,

Long live the Queen!
May her example spread,
Broad skirts be narrowed,
Long trains be shortened;
Long live the Queen!

O storm of scorn arise,
Scatter French fooleries,
And make them pall.
Confound those hoops and things,
Frustrate those horrid springs,
And India-rubber rings,
Deuce take them all!

May dresses flaunting wide
Fine figures cease to hide;
Let feet be seen;
Girls, to good taste return,
Paris flash modes unlearn,
No more catch fire and burn,
Thanks to the Queen!

— In regard to the serials announced for the year we may say they will be given in the following order. 1st, by Mrs. Barritt, in January, February, and March issues; 2d, by Mrs. Bostwick, in April, May, and June; 3d, by Alice Cary, in July, August, September and October; 4th, by Mrs. Victor, in October, November, and December. As this monthly is electrotyped, back or extra numbers can always be had. We commend the first three of these charming romances—as well worth the price of subscription.

— The first paper of the present number, "Dreams," is as fine a magazine contribution as will be offered in this month of good things from publishers. We have, during the year just past, given several articles of a similar character for originality and startling interest, and shall endeavor to present an equal number during the present year.

— The war of dictionaries bids fair to become a real "War of the Roses." Webster's publishers, anticipating the promised edition of Worcester's "Unabridged," are straining every nerve to occupy its ground; and to the end of completely forestalling competition have issued a new edition of Noah Webster's work, improved by the labors

of Mr. Goodrich, which is as noble a specimen of a book as the world of lexicography ever saw. Worcester will have to do something *very* fine to excel this truly superb work, the "Pictorial Unabridged." We have faith in Worcester, and await his long-promised book in confidence of its fully answering the expectations of all.

— What is a more acceptable Christmas or New Year's gift than a subscription to some good monthly magazine? The pleasure and profit of such a gift are reproduced with each month. Surely no money is so well spent. Reader, think of this; and if you have some friend whom you especially wish to please, present her with a year's receipt for BEADLE'S HOME MONTHLY, or some equally good magazine!

— One of the most exquisite works of art of the year, is the engraving of "Shakespeare and His Friends," offered by the Cosmopolitan Art Association to its subscribers. How such a work can be furnished for three dollars is a wonder—that it is offered for that sum is a cause for gratulation. When the homes of America hang works of *true* art upon their walls, for constant companionship and the development of a taste for the beautiful in the young, our boasted "progress" will have in it one element at least that is not sordid and commercial. We offer this tribute to the engraving because it is justly due.

—Contributors will favor the editor by bearing in mind the necessity for brevity in their various offerings for the pages of the Monthly. It is our design, in selecting from the MSS. offered, to make brevity and excellence the criterion; and of two articles equally excellent we shall take that which is briefest, for the very good reason that we are thus enabled to offer our readers a greater variety in the contents of each issue. We shall give to all articles submitted the most careful attention; and while we do not solicit contributions from inexperienced pens, we still shall give to all MSS. received such attention as is necessary to do all full justice. A *good* article is *always* acceptable, let it come from whom it may; and we hope to have the pleasure of perusing many such during the course of the year, from the hands of our correspondents.

LITERARY NOTES.

WE find upon our table for this month a large number of new books, which shows that there must be a persistent demand upon the part of the public:—publishers are pretty shrewd men, and it will be found, as a general thing, that the supply is to *meet* a demand, not to create it. The space at our disposal for these "notes" forbid us to mention but a portion of the works which have come in for attention.

The following volumes have been added to the series of French Classics, now being published by Derby & Jackson, under the editorial supervision of O. W. Wight, A. M., viz: "The Thoughts, Letters, and Opuscules," of Blaise Pascal; "The Martyrs," of Chateaubriand; the "Fables," of La Fontaine, the metrical version of Elizur Wright, Jr.; the "Corinne," of Mad. De Stael Holstein; "The Henriade," etc., by M. de Voltaire. In all six volumes, making eleven volumes thus far issued of this truly fine series of books. They are a fitting accompaniment to the admirable set of English Classics issued by the same house. The success of such enterprises as these elaborate issues speaks most well for the taste and intelligence of our reading public.

Of other new books before us we may mention:

THE GREAT TRIBULATION; or, Things Coming on the Earth. By REV. JOHN CUMMING. New York: RUDD & CARLETON,. 12mo.

SERMONS. By RICHARD FULLER, of Baltimore. New York: SHELDON & Co. 12mo.

TWELVE YEARS OF A SOLDIER'S LIFE IN INDIA. Being extracts from the letters of the late MAJOR HODSON, B. A. Boston: TICKNOR & FIELDS. 12mo.

WILD NORTHERN SCENES; or, Sporting Adventures with the Rifle and Rod. By S. H. HAMMOND. New York: DERBY & JACKSON. 12mo.

CAROLINA SPORTS BY LAND AND WATER. By HON. WM. ELLIOTT, of South Carolina. DERBY & JACKSON. 12mo.

THE HISTORY OF SOUTH CAROLINA, from its first Discovery to its erection into a Republic. By WM. GILMORE SIMMS. New edition. New York: J. S. REDFIELD. 12mo.

MYRTLE LEAVES; or, Tokens at the Tomb. By ADOLPHUS W. MANGUM, of North Carolina Conference. Small 16mo.

WILD SOUTHERN SCENES; a Tale of Disunion and Border War. By J. B. JONES. Philadelphia: PETERSON & BROS. 12mo.

SELF-EDUCATION; or, the Means and Art of Moral Progress. From the French of De gerando. By ELIZ. P. PEABODY. Boston: F. O. H. P. BURNHAM. 12mo.

BOOK OF PLAYS FOR HOME AMUSEMENT, specially adapted for private representation. By SILAS S. STEELE. Philadelphia: GEO. G. EVANS. 12mo.

THE PIC-NIC PAPERS. By CHAS. DICKENS, THOS. MOORE, etc. Philadelphia: T. B. PETERSON & BROS. 8vo. Cheap edition.

We must again mention the series of Dime Publications lately issued by Irwin P. Beadle, 137 William-st., N. Y. This most admirable enterprise proposes to place within reach of the most modest purse a series of little text books for the people. Thus far there have been issued:

THE DIME COOK BOOK,
THE DIME RECIPE BOOK,
THE DIME DIALOGUES,
THE DIME SPEAKER,
THE DIME MELODIST,
THE DIME SONG BOOKS,—(Four).

There is also in preparation, and soon will issue:

THE DIME BOOK OF ETIQUETTE,
THE DIME LETTER WRITER,

and others, which will be announced hereafter. Each one of these books contains 72 closely-printed pages, and is sent to any address on receipt of *one dime*! All have been carefully prepared, and each one, in its special department, has already been pronounced all that is desirable. The Dime Speaker and Dialogues are furnished to schools for one dollar per dozen—thus placing these charming and choicely-freighted books within reach of every boy and girl in the land. The Cook and Recipe Books will be found to be a perfect repertory of hints, suggestions, recipes, etc., for the housewife, the nurse, the toilet, etc., etc.